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The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,572.

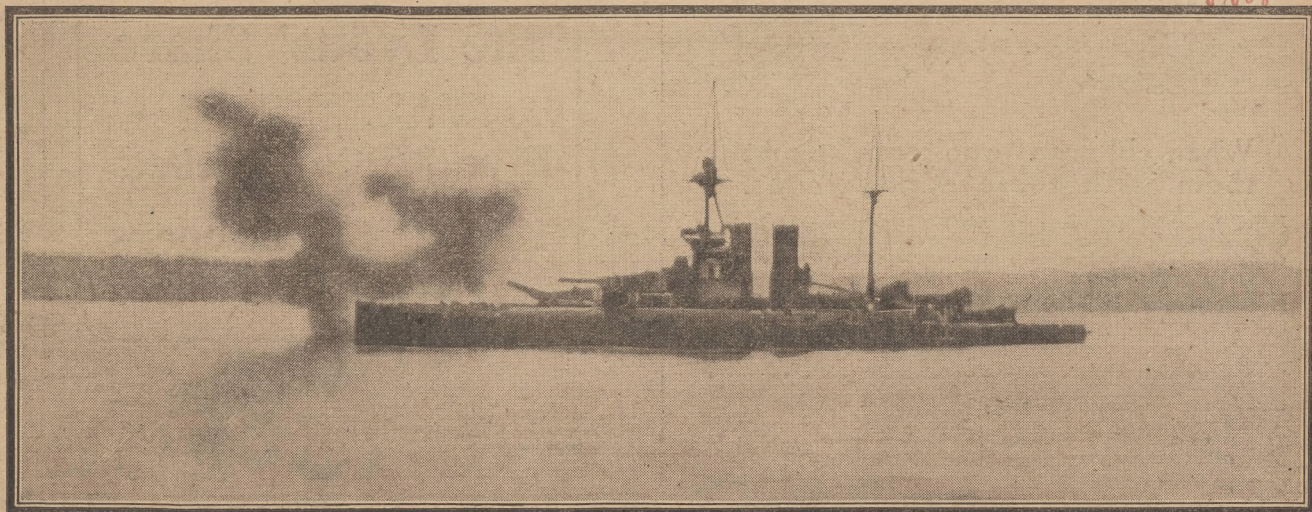
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TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

"LIZZIE" AT WORK: THE GIANT BATTLESHIP QUEEN ELIZABETH
ATTACKING THE FORTS IN THE DARDANELLES.



H.M. super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth (called Lizzie for short) firing a broadside in the Dardanelles. She and her four sisters (now completing), who, by the way, have not regal titles, are very expensive young ladies. But they have many accomplishments, and

can throw projectiles weighing a ton for a distance of twenty-eight miles, thus outranging anything in the way of ordnance hitherto made. Their diet is exclusively oil, which enables them to do twenty-five knots.

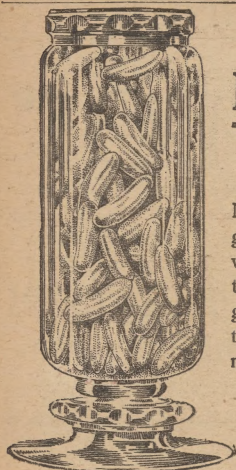
DID YOU SEE THIS LITTLE GIRL WITH ANYONE? SHE WAS MURDERED ON HER BIRTHDAY.



The little girl who was found dead in the ladies' waiting-room at Aldersgate-street Station was identified yesterday as Margaret Ellen Nally, of 11, Amberley-road, Harrow-road, Paddington. She was only seven years old on Sunday, the day on



which she met her death. The pictures show the bereaved father and mother and two of the children who still remain to them and the murdered girl. Any reader of *The Daily Mirror* who saw her on Sunday should give the police full particulars.



PUFFED RICE.

The Enticing Foods

Mammoth crisp grains, ready to eat, without cooking or trouble; easily digested and so porous that they melt in the mouth.



PUFFED WHEAT.

When children "won't eat," tempt them with these dainty foods.

Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are delicious and most nourishing—very economical, too, because each grain is all food, no waste.

Serve for breakfast and supper with milk or stewed fruit.

The best between-meals for children, because so easily digested—ready to eat—no more trouble for you than giving the children biscuits, and far better for them.

Every member of your family will enjoy Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat.

WONDERFUL METHOD OF COOKING

The whole rice or wheat kernels are put into bronze-metal guns, sealed, and revolved in ovens heated to over 550 degrees. The heat drives the moisture in the grain to steam. Then the guns are fired off. Instantly each

kernel of grain is expanded eight to ten times its original size. It is now perfectly cooked, far more digestible than bread, and ready to be eaten. Serves six directed on packets. Sold by Grocers everywhere at 7d. per packet.

If any difficulty in obtaining either of these nourishing foods, send us your name and address on a post-card and we will see you are supplied

QUAKER OATS LTD., FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

15/3



It's just the kind of Underwear a man appreciates.

JASON lies snugly to the skin—never ruckles, for it fits perfectly—never irritates, because of its marvellous finish. And that same finish by the resulting freedom from friction gives longer life to the garment.

"Jason"
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

is guaranteed not to shrink—replaced free if it DOES shrink.

Get the all-wool, soft-as-silk Jason Underwear for every one of your family. At every price good value—and in the higher grades perfection is attained by a special merino Jason garment of surprising durability.

"Jason" Underwear in all styles, all sizes, for Men, Ladies and Children. Infants' Pure White Wear, medium weight, in dainty designs.

"Jason" jerseys are thoroughly protective and comfortable for the children, and wear splendidly. The nearest hatter can supply you every Jason want. If any difficulty, write to—

JASON UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

2/- or TWO for 3/6 GREAT SALE

SENT ON APPROVAL 18ins. LONG.

POST FREE.

WORTH 7/6

Money returned if not delighted



The "REGENT"

The "Regent," in Black, White, & newest Spring Shades. This lustrous, full-fined real Ostrich Plume, 18in. long. POST FREE, SENT ON APPROVAL, on receipt of remittance for 2s., or two for 3s. 6d.

REPAIRS. We are experts in renovating Ostrich Feathers and Boas.

Call at our Showrooms. £60,000 Stock of Ostrich Feathers, Boas, and Oxyces to select from, or send for Catalogue Free.

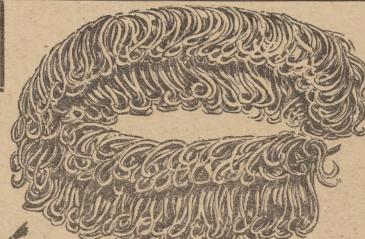
REAL OSTRICH FEATHER RUCHE TRIMMING

3 go right round Crown or Brim of Hat, 30 in. LONG. Colours in stock—Black, White, Saxe, Purple, Navy, and Newest Spring Shades.

Post Free.

Money returned if not delighted.

Worth more than double, **2/6** Sent on Approval.



IMPORTANT—Note address carefully (opposite Selfridge's).

THE LONDON OSTRICH FEATHER CO.,

(Opposite Selfridge's) 53, DUKE STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. Phone 4094 Mayfair.



The Lyons' Share

IS ONE CUP OF TEA IN EVERY FOUR CONSUMED IN LONDON.

Five Million Packets

SOLD EVERY WEEK BY

160,000 Shopkeepers

The Best that Money can Buy

Lyons' Tea

PANTRY PRUDENCE

Look in the pantry, and never run short of

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

It saves money and makes the daintiest dishes.

It saves eggs in custard and omelette, and again when used with ordinary flour in baking scones, cakes and pastry.

Besides it gives lightness and delicacy of flavour to whatever it is used in.

Brown & Polson Corn Flour in 1lb., 3lb. and 11lb. packets, always in stock at the grocers. No increase in price.

Economical recipes in every packet.



TRENCH BEHIND SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Q. 11914 7



Dotted all over France and Belgium are numberless soldiers' cemeteries, which tell of the tragedy of the great war and its terrible toll of human lives. In this picture the firing apertures of a trench can be seen behind the crosses.

MONK WOUNDED BY GERMAN SHELL.

Q. 11914 8



When the Germans made a target of a monastery in France this monk was wounded by a shell and lost an arm. But he still works at the plough. The enemy captured the monastery, and the monks had to submit to many indignities.

ONE FOR THE KAISER.

Q. 9112 0



The wounded corporal saw "Kaiser Bill," and could not resist the temptation to have a shot at him. And down came the Emperor with a thump.

DONKEY WHICH KNOWS ITS CUES.

P. 1266 7



Miss Dorothy Waring as Veronique riding Jessie, who took part in the original production. She knows all her cues, exits and entrances.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

EGGS FOR WOUNDED.

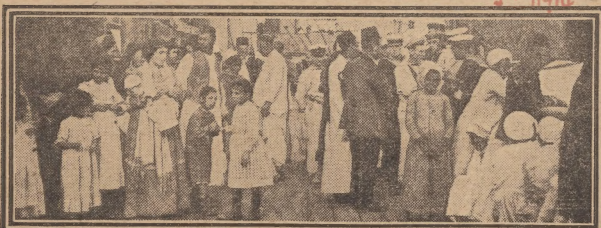
Q. 11914 1



Five thousand eggs, all decorated by hand, were distributed to the soldiers in the London hospitals. They were real eggs, not chocolate ones.

REFUGEES ON A WARSHIP.

Q. 11914 E



Group of Syrian refugees who were taken from Tor to Suez on board H.M.S. Har-dinge. They numbered 350.

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"

Q. 5119 A



No one enjoyed the holiday better than the soldiers and sailors. No need to ask if they were downhearted.

KNOCKING OFF THE KAISER'S HEAD.

New Game on "The Heath" That Won Hearts of Holiday-Makers.

'ARRIET'S JOY AT A HIT.

Londoners had a real "day off" from the worry and strain of the war yesterday. Everywhere the crowds of holiday-makers were as big and as merry as they have been on the Easter Mondays of the past.

"Come along, missus," said the East Ender to his wife in the early morning, "let's go out and forget about everything and have a jolly good day!" That was the Bank Holiday spirit.

There was a new game at Hampstead Heath, the popularity of which made some of the proprietors of swings and roundabouts green with envy. It was called "Knocking the Kaiser's Head Off," and consisted in throwing wooden balls at some figures of the Kaiser. Every time the head of one of the figures was hit hard enough it suddenly collapsed backwards and the marksman was presented with a cup and saucer or an ornament. There were large crowds around this game throughout the day.

DAPHNINE LITTLE WILLIE.

The girls from Bow and Poplar, with huge blue feathers in their hats, took great delight in having a "shy." "That's one for you!" said a typical "Arriet" after a straight shot. "My Bill's at the front when he ought to be here—all because of you!"

Even the booths where one throws wooden hoops over clocks and ornaments of different kinds had a topical interest. Models of the Kaiser and Little Willie were to be captured, and everybody was trying to get them.

Thousands of people spent a motor-omnibus holiday, and Hampton Court was the Mecca of countless Londoners.

Recruiting sergeants were among the busiest people in London yesterday. Twenty sergeants, with the red, white and blue ribbons fluttering from their hats, made their way towards Hampstead Heath at midday.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and Princess Alexander of Teck, went for a ride in Windsor Great Park yesterday morning, and were loudly cheered by the holiday crowd.

CRICKETER SHOT IN BED.

Tragic Death of A. E. Stoddart, Who Played for England.

A tragic story of the death of Mr. A. E. Stoddart, the great England and Middlesex cricketer, who was found shot in bed at his home in St. John's Wood on Saturday, was told at a Marylebone inquest yesterday, when a verdict of Suicide inquest of unsound mind was returned.

Deceased, who was fifty-one years of age, had been until lately secretary of Queen's Club, West Kensington.

His widow said that last year he had to give up his post on account of bad health and nervous breakdown, and had done nothing since. He had been depressed, and said that life was not worth living. He was in financial difficulties, and lost all his money through the war.

Late on Saturday night he took a pistol out of his pocket, and laid it on the table, and said he was tired of it all and was going to finish it. Witness advised him to be contented until they could consult their friends the next day. Then he put the pistol into his pocket, and later went to bed.

Before midnight she went to his room and saw him in bed. There was blood on his cheek. She called for assistance, and then found that he was dead.

Medical evidence showed that deceased had a bullet wound in the brain on the right side. The bullet was found embedded in the skull.

The heart was enlarged, as was usual in the case of athletes, and the lungs showed commencing pneumonia which would increase despondency owing to its depressing effect.

"COME OUT, YOU GERMANS!"

A boarding-house keeper who was granted a summons at West London Police Court yesterday said that a person knocked at the door, and when it was opened shouted, "Come out, you Germans!" and then invited the crowd to go in and break up the house.

The applicant explained that a number of boarders who were in the No. 1 Air Service prevented any damage being done.

CHILD MURDERED ON HER BIRTHDAY

Girl of Seven Found Gagged and Strangled at City Station—Theory of Man in Woman's Clothes.

One of the most startling murder mysteries of recent years, and one that has several features recalling the Starchfield mystery, is being investigated by Scotland Yard.

The victim was a pretty little girl, aged seven, with round, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and a wealth of curls. Her name was Margaret Ellen Nally—her pet name was Maggie—and she lived with her parents at 11, Amberley-road, Paddington.

Her body, bearing marks of having been maltreated, was discovered early yesterday morning at Aldersgate-street Station, on the Metropolitan Railway.

The little girl had been murdered on her birthday, for she had just completed her seventh year. After spending a very happy day visiting her aunt and her grandfather, and buying birthday sweets at a small shop, it is supposed that she was entering as a man, who, it is believed, was masquerading as a woman.

PARENTS' SEARCH.

All night the parents in an agony of foreboding searched for their little girl. Then, early yesterday, the terrible discovery of the child's fate was made. She had been gagged to stifle her screams, and then apparently strangled.

Up to late last night no arrest had been made, but it was rumoured that the police had obtained a clue to the mystery in the shape of several finger-prints which were secured from the room in which the body was found.

Remarkable information, which may furnish a clue to the murderer's identity, has been given to the police by an Italian family living in Duncan-terrace, near the Arsenal.

Their little girl was sent out to buy a paper on Good Friday morning, and was stopped by a man, who offered to take her to a picture palace. The little girl was frightened, and the man said, "Walk along to the tube station with me. I am meeting my sister there."

He led her quickly towards the station, but when near there the girl escaped from him and ran home.

MAN IN BLACK COAT.

The little girl, who is aged eleven, described the man as being of medium height, clean-shaven, with very fresh-coloured complexion and dark hair. He was dressed in a black coat and dark trousers, with a tweed cap.

The police have asked *The Daily Mirror* to publish the following description of the child:

Brown hair, tied with pink ribbon on the left side. Dressed in grey coat, with brown half-collar, two metal buttons and two side pockets.

Also wearing white pinafore, with bright flowered sash. Dark red frock. Black button boots, with patent toes, nearly new. Black socks.

Anyone who saw the child is requested to communicate at once with Scotland Yard.

GAG IN MOUTH.

The discovery of little Maggie's body at Aldersgate-street Metropolitan Station made after the last trains had gone.

Railway Inspector Groves was extinguishing the lights before closing the station when he noticed what appeared to be a bundle of clothing in a corner on the floor of the ladies' waiting-room.

Lifting the bundle, he was horrified to see that it was the body of a little girl. There were marks round the neck of strangulation. The police and Dr. Kearney, of Aldersgate-street, were at once summoned. The latter stated that death had taken place about two hours previously.

The last time at the time of the discovery being still warm, it is assumed that the murder took place about eleven o'clock on Sunday night.

A piece of torn material about a foot square found in the child's mouth had apparently been used as a gag so that her screams might not be heard.

ARRIVED BY TRAIN?

In some respects the tragedy recalls the North London mystery, in which the victim, which was also a child—little Willie Starchfield, aged six—who was found strangled in a train between Chalk Farm and Midland Park.

It was at the last station that his body was discovered, and the amazing feature of the murder was that the longest interval between any two stations was only three minutes.

In the present crime the detectives at work on the case feel certain that the murderer and his victim arrived by train and did not enter the

station from the street. They are convinced that the little girl was strangled in the ladies' waiting-room, where her body was found.

In support of this belief it is pointed out that had a man and a little girl entered from the street they would have to pass the ticket-collector on duty in order to reach the waiting-room. The inspector could not have failed to notice them late on Sunday night at a time when few people are about the station.

The two entering from Aldersgate would also have had to stop to have their tickets punched. The staff at the station is very small at a late hour, and the attendant of the ladies' room went off duty at seven o'clock on Sunday evening.

The murderer, it is thought, must have been aware of these facts, and so deliberately chose Aldersgate Station and its deserted ladies' waiting-room for the scene of his crime.

LURED AWAY FROM HOME

Exhaustive inquiries made throughout yesterday by *The Daily Mirror* point to the conclusion that the girl was decoyed near her home off the Edgware-road, and that the murderer, who was joined a train on the Metropolitan Railway at some point near there—presumably Edgware-road Station—after eight o'clock on Sunday evening, and journeyed to Aldersgate Station.

The little girl is one of four young children of Herbert Nally, a night lift attendant.

Sunday was her birthday, and soon after four in the afternoon she left home alone to visit her aunt, Mrs. Scott, who lives in Carlisle-street, off Edgware-road.

She stayed there some time, playing with Mrs. Scott's little children and celebrating her birthday by paying several visits to a sweetstuff shop not more than a hundred yards from her aunt's house.

Later she went to see her grandfather, who also lives in Carlisle-street, and quite a short distance from Mrs. Scott's house.

At about half-past seven in the evening she returned to her aunt's house, and played the piano with one of her little friends, Alice Scott, aged five.

"MAGGIE HAS GONE HOME." As far as is known at the moment this little playmate was the last person to see her alive on Sunday night.

The two children, after spending some time at the piano, went out together at about eight o'clock to pay still another visit to the sweetshop.

A few minutes later little Alice Scott came back alone and said that Maggie had gone home.

When questioned by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday the child said that they bought the sweets and then Maggie turned down Carlisle-street and said she was going home.

That was the last that was seen of the murdered little girl.

She did not, however, go in the right direction for home, but went away from it, towards Church-street.

It is possible that she intended again calling on her grandfather, but nothing more was seen of her until her body was found.

ALL-NIGHT SEARCH.

Amberley-road, the home of the little girl, is a thoroughfare not far from Warwick-avenue, Maida Vale.

Mrs. and Mrs. Nally were overwhelmed with grief when *The Daily Mirror* saw them yesterday.

Mrs. Nally, with tears in her eyes, said:—"Maggie was the dearest little kiddie God ever put breath into. She had bright blue eyes and brown, curly hair. I cannot understand how anyone could have enticed her away. Because I had always warned her about following or going with strange men, and I am sure she would do what I had told her to."

"I do not think he could have carried her away either, because she was a big, sturdy child. It is awful. I cannot believe that she has met such a death."

"I think that the little dear had just celebrated her birthday!"

The father remarked:—"Maggie went over to Marylebone, which is quite close to us, to her grandfather, on Sunday evening. She was last seen playing about in Carlisle-street, at a quarter-past eight. Since that time she was not seen by anyone until they found her at Aldersgate-street. We were searching nearly all the night for her."

Mr. and Mrs. Nally at this stage broke down completely, and hysterically turned and kissed a large-sized picture of their little girl.

THE KING BANS ALCOHOL IN PALACE.

Prohibition in His Majesty's Household During Rest of War.

ROYAL LEAD TO NATION.

The King's important decision on the drink problem was announced last night in the following statement:—"By the King's command no wines, spirits, or beer will be consumed in any of His Majesty's houses after to-day."

The notice, says the Press Association, is dated April 6, the day of its publication, so that the prohibition comes into force from Wednesday inclusive.

It will be fresh in public memory that the King undertook to make the prohibition if such course was considered necessary, and now, as a matter of example, that course has been definitely decided upon.

10,000 LETTERS IN A DAY.

Two more sacks of letters were received at the Treasury yesterday morning in response to an advertisement which appeared last week asking all and sundry to send to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a declaration in favour of the suspension of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages during the war.

These represent an additional 10,000 communications.

MOTHER'S CRY TO CHILD.

Girl's Story of Stranger's Visit at Inquest on Officer's Wife.

A dramatic story of her mother's death was told by Lily, the eight-year-old daughter of Mrs. Annie Josephine Wootton, aged thirty, wife of Lieutenant Albert Wootton, 10th Bedfordshire Regiment, at the adjourned inquest at Islington yesterday.

Mrs. Wootton was found dead in her house in Rotherfield-street, Islington, on the evening of March 23.

It was at first believed that she had met with an accident, but a wound was found in the region of the heart, and a revolver bullet was subsequently extracted from the spine.

Subsequently a barmaid named Marie Lanteri, otherwise known as Mary Lanteri, was charged at the North London Police Court with the murder of Mrs. Wootton.

The little witness said that as she lay in bed she heard her mother tell someone in at the front door. Then there was the sound of voices and the conversation was followed by "two bangs," followed by a cry of "Oh, oh!" from her mother.

The inquest was adjourned till Thursday.

FOOTSTEP IN THE PASSAGE.

Telling the story of her mother's tragic death, little Lily Wootton, a pretty child, with fair hair, said that on the day in question she and her little brothers and sisters were put to bed in their room next to the kitchen about 6.30, after having had tea.

Their mother bade them good night and then left the room, half-closing the door and turning down the light.

"About an hour later," said the witness, "after my sister told me a story, mother came into the room. She did not speak to me, but went past the bed. She looked at the window, pulled the blind on one side and looked out."

"Mother remained looking out of the window about a moment, and then she went straight upstairs without speaking. I heard the front door open."

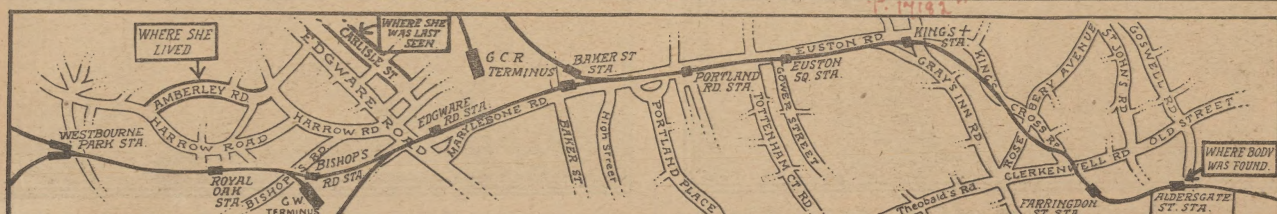
"I heard a footstep in the passage. I heard some talking, and I heard mother's voice and another voice."

"It was not loud talking, and there were no angry sounds. Later on I heard mother go to the kitchen, and saw her go out with a glass of water, and then she came up again."

"I said to mother as she passed the door: 'Mother, who is it?' and she replied: 'Mrs. Higgins's friend. She did not speak to me.'"

"She heard her mother go up all the stairs, and then there was some more talking. Asked if she had heard what the words were, the little girl said she heard the words: 'I am thin and hungry' spoken by someone in the passage who was talking to mother."

"My mother then called out 'Lily! Lily!' and Ivy and I rushed out of bed and found mother sitting on the edge of the top of the stairs in the passage with her legs lying across the landing and her back towards the stairs."



Map showing the murdered child's home and the station where her body was found. Did you see her between the two points, and, if you did, tell the police?

THE KING BANS ALL ALCOHOL IN ROYAL PALACES

Royal Prohibition of Wines, Spirits and Beer After To-day.

WILL YOU LEND YOUR HELP AS WELL?

British Airmen's Bombs Destroy Two Submarines and Dirigible Shed.

CHANNEL PIRATES SINK TWO MORE SHIPS.

The King to-day gives a great lead to the nation.

It is a lead worthy of a monarch whose one interest is that the whole strength of the country shall be devoted to winning the war.

BY THE KING'S COMMAND NO WINES, SPIRITS OR BEER WILL BE CONSUMED IN ANY OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSES AFTER TO-DAY.

The royal ban on alcohol comes into force to-morrow morning.

Its cause is not that there is any positive wrong in ordinary times in drinking in moderation, but that alcohol just now is impairing the efficiency of the nation. This has been revealed in War Office and Admiralty reports on the causes of delay in executing war contracts. Anything that diminishes the output of munitions or in any way hinders the successful prosecution of the war is criminal and traitorous towards the nation.

What will YOU do TO-DAY to help in carrying out the King's desire.

It is a time for self-sacrifice, for the merging of "rights" and pleasures for the common good.

Working men and women will be the first to follow in the King's footsteps. YOU, too, must help if Britain is to show the world the miracle of a nation with self-imposed prohibition.

"BY THE KING'S COMMAND . . . AFTER TO-DAY."

Prohibition of Consumption of Wines, Spirits and Beer in Royal Households.

His Majesty's important decision banning the consumption of alcohol in the royal palaces was announced last night in the following statement:

"By the King's command no wines, spirits, or beer will be consumed in any of His Majesty's houses after to-day."

The notice, says the Press Association, is dated April 6, the day of its publication, so that the prohibition comes into force from Wednesday inclusive.

It will be fresh in public memory that the King undertook to make the prohibition if such course was considered necessary, and now, as a matter of example, that course has been definitely decided upon.

OVER 70,000 PLEDGES.

Two more sacks of letters were received at the Treasury yesterday morning in response to an advertisement which appeared last week asking the public to send to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a declaration in favour of the suspension of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages during the war.

Thirteen well-filled mail bags had been received up to last evening.

Each bag contained from 5,000 to 6,000 letters, so that the Chancellor has received over 70,000 letters.

Many of the letters, it was stated last night by Mr. Lloyd George's private secretary, contained just a printed cutting from newspapers on which the sender had signed his or her name, declaring in favour of the prohibition.

In one case a whole regiment had signed the form. Another contained the signatures of all the workmen in a factory.

PIRATE'S HANDSHAKE.

Two more ships have been sunk in the Channel by a German submarine.

Their crews were landed at Portsmouth.

One vessel was the three-masted Russian barque *Hermes* (925 tons).

While she was off St. Catherine's Point a submarine approached at a great speed and fired rifle shots by way of warning.

The submarine soon came up and demanded that the vessel's colours should be shown. On

seeing the Russian flag the commander of the submarine gave the crew ten minutes to leave. Her skipper, Captain Erickson, was invited on board the German craft, whose commander shook hands with him.

Bombs were placed by the Germans on board the ship and exploded. The vessel quickly sank.

After being given cigars and beer the crew of the *Hermes* were towed for forty minutes by the submarine, which then sighted a steamer and made off.

The other vessel sunk was the *Olivine*, a steamer of 256 tons, belonging to Glasgow, and bound from Guernsey to Calais with granite.

HOMING ZEPPELIN AT SEA.

DUNKIRK, April 5.—A Zeppelin flew over the roadstead here last night, but was sighted by torpedo craft, and returned immediately to the German lines.—Reuter.

BRITISH SKY BOMBS THAT DAMAGED AIRSHIP.

Two Submarines Destroyed in Recent Raid and 40 German Workmen Killed.

PARIS, April 5.—This afternoon's official communiqué says: There is nothing to report since the communiqué of last night.

The French military authorities have received precise information on the result of the bombardment carried out in Belgium on March 26 by British military aircraft. These results are as follows:—

An airship shed at Berghem-Sainte-Agathe was seriously damaged, as was the airship in the shed.

At Hoboken the Antwerp Shipbuilding Yard was set on fire and two submarines were destroyed, while a third was damaged.

Forty German workmen were killed and sixty wounded.—Reuter.

THREE LINES OF TRENCHES TAKEN.

PARIS, April 5.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

The day has been one of rain and fog on the whole front. At the D'Ally Wood, south-east of St. Mihiel, we captured three successive lines of trenches.

We also gained a footing in a portion of the enemy's works to the north-east of Regneville.—Reuter.

BOMB DROPPED ON ENGINE SHOP.

ANTWERP, March 31 (delayed).—I have been successful in gathering particulars of the last British air raid, when the Cockerill yards at Hoboken were successfully attacked.

While four of the Allies' aeroplanes circled above Antwerp, a fifth, appearing in the north, rapidly approached Kiel (a suburb of Antwerp) and then, boldly descending to within 300 ft. of the ground, threw bombs in quick succession near the big crane which conspicuously marks the yards.

Of the three submarines under construction, two were nearly completed, and these were hopelessly damaged. The third, which is still in the early stages of building, escaped injury.

One bomb fell on top of the large machine and engine shop, the roof and one wall of which were entirely demolished.

I saw gangs of workmen busy clearing up heaps of bricks and stones, tangled and twisted iron girders and parts of machinery lying in and about the destroyed machine shed. The force of the explosion must have been terrific.

Close to the crane the remains of two submarines could be clearly distinguished.

One was lying on its side with the deck blown out of the other, one-half could be seen. The forepart was nothing but a mass of deformed steel sheets mingled with parts of machinery and accessories.—Central News.

CHASED AND SHOT DOWN.

PARIS, April 5.—A German aeroplane passed over the French lines in the neighbourhood of Chalons (Marne) last night.

Two French airmen gave chase and, after an exciting aerial fight, the German aeroplane was brought down and two officers were taken prisoners.—Exchange.

RUSSIAN FLEET CHASES GOEBEN AND BRESLAU.

Runaway Cruisers Saved By Darkness—Success in Fierce Mountain Fights.

PETROGRAD, April 5.—The official communiqué from the General Staff, published here to-day, says:—

Along the front west of the Niemen yesterday our troops continued to make successful progress at certain points.

In the Carpathians during the night of April 3-4 and during the whole of the following day in the region to the north of Bartfeld there was fierce fighting with artillery and with the bayonet.

We took twenty officers and more than 1,200 soldiers prisoners and captured two machine guns.

At the same time we continued to make successful progress on the front between Mezolaboroz and Anjouk-Uzsk.

In the course of the day we captured about twenty-five officers and more than 2,000 soldiers and three guns.

DESPERATE BAYONET FIGHT.

Having occupied the railway station at Tsiana, we captured engines and coaches, as well as a great stock of ammunition and part of a provision column.

There was desperate fighting on Saturday and Sunday near the village of Okna, to the north of Czernowitz, as the result of which we took more than 1,000 prisoners whom the Austrians left behind.

On the other sectors of our front the general situation has undergone no marked change.

NO TASTE FOR A BATTLE.

On the 3rd inst. in the Black Sea, near the Crimean coast, our fleet exchanged shots at long range with the cruisers *Goeben* and *Breslau*, and pursued them until dusk.

During the night our torpedo boats encountered the cruisers a hundred miles from the Bosphorus, but the enemy opened a vigorous fire and avoided an engagement.—Reuter.

"INVASION INEVITABLE."

VENICE, April 5.—The Austrian General Staff report admitting that strong Russian reinforcements have compelled the Austrian troops to abandon certain exposed positions in the Carpathians, confirms the general impression in the Monarchy that it will be impossible to prevent a Russian invasion of Hungary much longer.

The newspapers seek to minimise the importance of the news by saying that only inconceivable ground was lost and that the retreat really strengthens the Austrian line of defence.—Reuter.

WAR PRISONERS ESCAPE.

Two German prisoners of war in the officers' concentration camp at Lansannan, near Denbig, escaped during the night, it was reported yesterday.

Their names are Lieutenant van Sanderslaben and Lieutenant Hans Andler.

The latter is one of the airmen rescued in the North Sea.

The missing officers answered the roll-call on Sunday night, but at eight o'clock yesterday morning they had disappeared. The North Wales police are assisting in the search for them.

Lieutenant van Sanderslaben is twenty-four years old, 5ft. 9in. in height, has a fresh complexion, light brown hair and brown eyes. He weighs 15st. and was dressed in a grey Donegal tweed knickerbocker suit.

Lieutenant Andler, twenty-eight years of age, is 5ft. 7in. in height and of medium build. He has dark hair and grey eyes, and he was dressed in a dark brown suit. He speaks English fluently.

A reward of £10 is offered for information leading to the discovery of the men.

CHILDREN'S STORY OF MOTHER'S FATE.

Evidence at Inquest on Officer's Wife of Stranger's Visit and Sound of "Bangs."

ACCUSED WOMAN IN COURT.

A girl of eleven and her sister, aged seven, who was so small that she had to be placed on a stool in order that her head could be seen above the witness-box, gave dramatic evidence yesterday, when the coroner's inquiry into the Islington shooting mystery was resumed.

The two children described the last moments of their mother, Mrs. Annie Wootton, wife of Lieutenant Albert Wootton, 10th Bedfordshire Regiment, who was found dead in her house in Rotherfield-street, Islington. It was at first supposed death was due to a fall, but later a bullet wound was found.

A young barmaid named Marie Lanteri, or Wheatley, who is under remand charged with murdering Mrs. Wootton, again denied the inquest in the charge of wadresses.

The dead woman's children told how they heard a voice say, "I am thin and hungry." When there were two "bangs," and the mother called, "Lily, Lily!" to the elder child.

The inquest was adjourned till Thursday.

"I AM THIN AND HUNGRY."

Telling the story of her mother's tragic death, little Lily Wootton, a pretty child, with fair hair, said that after Mrs. Wootton had told her to bed she heard a footstep in the passage.

The child went on:—

I heard some talking, and I heard mother's voice and another voice. I heard mother say: "It was not loud talking, and there were no angry sounds. Later on I heard mother go to the kitchen, and I saw her go out with a glass of water, and then go upstairs again."

"I said to mother as she passed the door: 'Mother, who is it?' and she replied: 'Mrs. Higson's friend. Mother did not say anything else.' She heard her mother go up all the stairs, and then there was some more talking. Asked if she had heard what the words were, the little girl said she heard the words: 'I am thin and hungry' spoken by someone in the passage who was not her mother."

The Coroner: Did you hear anything else?—I heard two bangs. There was no sound of a struggle.

What were the bangs like?—Like the side room door slamming.

Did you hear any crying?—I heard mother call out: "Oh! Oh!" after each bang. I then heard someone go away, and the front door was closed.

My mother then called out: "Lily! Lily!" and I and I rushed out of bed and found mother sitting on the edge of the top of the stairs. We tried to pull her back, but she fell down the stairs. Asked what kind of a voice it was she heard in the hall, the little girl replied: "It was a nice, soft voice."

The other sister, Ivy, aged seven, said on the night her mother died she heard a strange voice in the passage saying: "Give me some water, I am thin and hungry." The voice also said: "Give me some money."

"Then," went on the little girl, "I heard two great big bangs. I heard mummy say: 'Oh, don't. I have got four children upstairs.' Then I heard the lady's voice say: 'Oh, I would not for the world.'"

"THIS IS MARIE."

Mrs. W. Higson, recalled said she visited Mrs. Wootton about three times a week.

Counsel: To whom was Lily referring when she said her mother said it was Mrs. Higson's friend?—I have only one friend in London—Marie Wheatley.

Witness said she saw a woman on the previous Thursday standing against the railing of Mrs. Wootton's house with her back to it. The woman looked like Marie Wheatley, but she would not be sure.

Later there was a knock at the door, and she thought she recognised the voice of Marie.

It was understood between the Woottons and herself that Marie Wheatley was to be known as Mrs. Higson's friend.

Counsel: Why was it arranged that she should be known as "Mrs. Higson's friend"?

Witness: I suppose because Mr. Wootton must have been carrying on with her, and Mrs. Wootton did not want her (Mrs. Wootton's) family to know who she was.

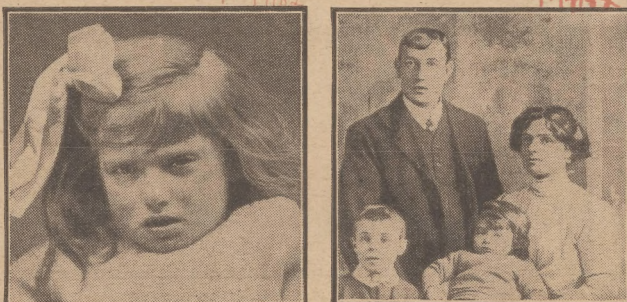
HATE OF PRUSSIANS.

That Prussians and Prussian officers are making themselves justly hated by the soldiers of other nationalities in the German Army is shown in *Eye-Witness's* latest narrative from the front.

Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons, he says, took part in the fighting at Neuve Chapelle, but their mutual co-operation does not seem to have been at all points very hearty.

Indeed, our prisoners of the two latter nationalities expressed great indignation at the manner in which they were flung into action.

The orders given to them, they said, were to reinforce the firing line, but on advancing from the wood they found no firing line, and discovered instead that they were alone and unsupported. Many surrendered in consequence.



Mr. and Mrs. Nally, with two of the children who still remain to them. The little girl is Alice Scott, the last person to see Maggie alive. The two children, who were related, went out and bought sweets together.

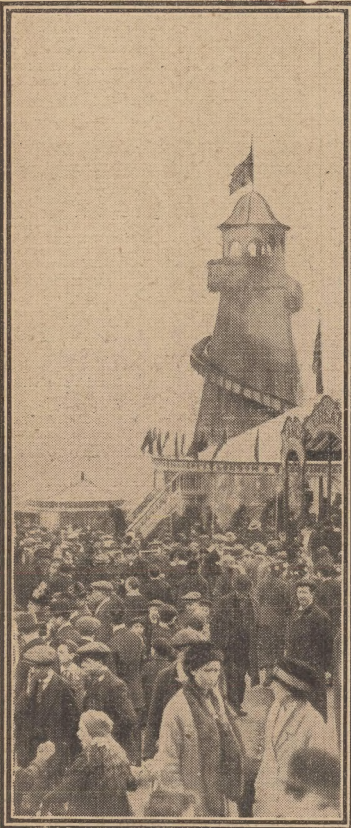
HOW LONDON MADE HOLIDAY: SHYING AT "KAISER BILL" A FAVOURITE GAME.



Ellwood, who has been a donkeyman on Hampstead Heath for twenty-seven years, wore khaki. He has joined the A.S.C.



Mr. Buckley's Plain Billy leading Mr. Berry's Silver Bell in the 3.30 race at the London Trotting Club's race meeting held at Parsloes Park, Barking.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Hampstead Heath was the same as ever.



The over-fed Zoo bear couldn't eat another bun.



The Scotsman rang the bell every time.



A little practice by one of Kitchener's men. He knocked the helmet off.



The members of the Serpentine Swimming Club held their annual race.

London spent a happy holiday. At 'Appy 'Ampstead there was the usual jostling, noisy crowd, and the only sign of the war was that all the dummies at which balls

are hurled at so much a penny were "Kaiser Bills" or "Clown Princes." There were many sports meetings, and great crowds at the Zoo.

AMERICA TO HOLD BRITAIN RESPONSIBLE FOR BLOCKADE "DAMAGE."

Full Reparation Expected If Her Sovereign Rights Are Infringed.

TWO MORE SHIPS SUNK IN THE CHANNEL.

Cigars and Beer Given by Sea Hunts to Russian Crew—Nothing for British.

SUBMARINES AT WORK OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

An almost unqualified denial of the sovereign rights of nations now at peace.

That is the United States' view of Britain's blockade of Germany as a reply to sea piracy. The text of the United States Note on the subject, which was issued last night, points out that the novel and unprecedented feature of the blockade is that it embraces many neutral ports and coasts.

The Note goes on to say:—
The possibilities of serious interruption of American trade under the Order in Council are so many, the methods proposed are unusual, and seem liable to constitute so great an impediment and embarrassment to neutral commerce that the Government of the United States, if the Order in Council is strictly enforced, apprehends many interferences with its legitimate trade and will impose upon its Majesty's Government heavy responsibilities for acts clearly subversive of the rights of neutral nations on the high seas.

It is therefore expected that his Majesty's Government, having considered these possibilities will take steps necessary to avoid them, and in the event that they unhappily occur, will be prepared to make full reparation.

The Note ends emphatically thus:—
This Government will insist that the rights and duties of the United States and its citizens in the present war be defined by the existing rules of international law, and this Government reserves to itself the right to enter a protest or demand in each case in which those rights and duties so defined are violated.

From the above it will be seen that the Note raises serious problems for Britain, not the least grave being that, while she strictly complies with international law, the Germans will continue to torpedo merchant ships and murder their innocent crews.

RIGHTS OVER NEUTRALS NOT "UNLIMITED."

Protest That Innocent Ships Must Be Allowed To Go Free.

The text of the United States Note is as follows:—

The Government of the United States has given careful consideration to the subjects treated in the British Notes of March 13 and March 15 and to the British Order in Council of the latter date.

These communications contained matters of grave importance to neutral nations. They appear to menace their rights of trade and intercourse, not only with belligerents, but also with one another. They call for frank comment in order that misunderstanding may be avoided.

The Government of the United States deems it its duty, therefore, speaking in the sincerest spirit of friendship, to make its own view and position with regard to them unmistakable.

The Order in Council of March 15 would constitute a practical assertion of unlimited belligerent rights over neutral commerce within the whole European area and an almost unqualified denial of the sovereign rights of the nations now at peace.

SEA SOVEREIGNTY.

This Government takes it for granted that there can be no question what those rights are. A nation's sovereignty over its own ships and citizens under its own flag on the high seas in time of peace is, of course, unlimited.

And that sovereignty suffers no diminution in times of war, except in so far as the practice and consent of civilised nations has limited it by the recognition of certain now clearly-determined rights which, it is conceded, may be exercised by nations which are at war.

A belligerent nation has been conceded the right of visit and search, and the right of capture and condemnation if, upon examination, a neutral vessel is found to be engaged in unneutral service or to be carrying contraband of war intended for the enemy's Government or armed forces.

It has been conceded the right to establish and maintain a blockade of an enemy's ports and coasts, and to capture and condemn any vessel taken in trying to break the blockade. It is confidently assumed that his Majesty's

Government will not deny at once that it is a rule sanctioned by general practice that, even though a blockade should exist and the doctrine of contraband as to unblockaded territory be rigidly enforced, innocent shipments may be freely transported to and from the United States through neutral countries to belligerents' territory without being subject to the penalties of contraband traffic or breach of blockade, much less to detention, requisition, or confiscation.

Moreover, the rules of the Declaration of Paris of 1856, among them that free ships make free goods, will hardly at this day be disputed by the signatories of that solemn agreement.

His Majesty's Government, like the Government of the United States, have often and explicitly held that these rights represent the best usage of warfare in the dealings of belligerents with neutrals at sea. In this connection I desire to direct attention to the opinion of the Chief Justice of the United States in the case of the *Peterhof*, which arose out of the Civil War, and to the fact that that opinion was unanimously sustained in the award of the Arbitration Commission of 1871, to which the case was presented at the request of Great Britain.

From that time to the Declaration of London of 1909, adopted with modifications by the Order in Council of October 23 last, these rights have not been seriously questioned by the British Government.

No less claim on the part of Great Britain of any justification for interfering with these clear rights of the United States and its citizens as neutrals could be admitted.

"TAINT" OF ILLEGALITY.

Dealing with the changed conditions of naval warfare since the rules governing blockades were formulated, the United States Note says:—
The Government of the United States might be ready to admit that the form of "close" blockade with its cordon of ships in the immediate offing of the blockaded ports is no longer practicable.

But it can hardly be maintained that, whatever form of effective blockade may be made use of, it is impossible to conform at least to the spirit and principles of the essence of the rules of war.

In the Order in Council his Majesty's Government give as their reason for entering upon a course of action which they are aware is without precedent in modern warfare, the necessity they conceive themselves to have been placed under to retaliate upon their enemies for measures of a similar nature.

But the Government of the United States, recalling the principles upon which his Majesty's Government has hitherto been scrupulous to act, interprets this as merely a reason for certain extraordinary activities on the part of his Majesty's naval forces and not as an excuse for or prelude to any unlawful action.

If the course pursued by the present enemies of Great Britain should prove to be in fact based by illegality and disregard of the principles of war sanctioned by enlightened nations, it cannot be supposed, and the Government does not for a moment suppose, that his Majesty's Government would wish the same taint to attach to their own actions.

"TAKES IT FOR GRANTED."

Among things which the Note declares the United States "takes for granted" is the following:—

That the approach of American merchantmen to neutral ports situated upon the long line of coast affected by the Order in Council will not be interfered with when it is known that they do not carry goods which are contraband of war, or goods destined to, or proceeding from, ports within the belligerent territory affected.

The Note points out:—

The Scandinavian and Danish ports, for example, are opened to American trade. They are also free, so far as the actual enforcement of the Order in Council is concerned, to carry on trade with German Baltic ports, although it is an essential element of blockade that it bears with equal severity upon all neutrals.

This Government, therefore, infers that the commanders of his Majesty's ships of war engaged in maintaining the so-called blockade will be instructed to avoid an enforcement of the proposed measures of non-intercourse in such a way as to impose restrictions upon neutral trade more burdensome than those which have been regarded as inevitable when the ports of a belligerent are actually blockaded by the ships of its enemy.

"GAINED GREAT SUCCESS IN THE CARPATHIANS."

Russians Tell of Blow Inflicted on Austrians—Cavalry Pursuit of Germans.

PETROGRAD, April 4.—A dispatch from the Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief says: On the front to the west of the Niemen fighting is developing greatly in our favour.

Our cavalry on the road between Cavaria and Sulwalki in the region of the village of Zelonaiia, after a stubborn fight on April 2 with German cavalry, supported by infantry, made a dashing charge, sabring a great many of the enemy and capturing other prisoners.

They drove the Germans from the region which they were occupying, and are pursuing them. In the Carpathians on April 3 we gained a great success in the sector to the north of the roads leading to Barfield, and also in the region between the Mesolaborer and Lutoviska directions.

During the attack on the Carpathians front more than 2,100 soldiers, three guns and three machine-guns.

In the Zaleszow region the Austrians essayed the offensive, but all their attacks completely failed. We captured two officers and about 100 rank.

In the direction of Chotina, after the grave defeat which was inflicted on them on March 30 by portions of our cavalry, who delivered an irresistible attack on foot, the Austrians evacuated our territory and withdrew to their frontier.

In this battle of March 30 our cavalry showed unexampled bravery.—Reuter.

GRAND DUKE'S MESSAGE.

I firmly believe," says the Grand Duke Nicholas in an Easter message, according to Reuter, "that God will not withhold from us His omnipotent aid in the future as in the past, and that He will grant our army and navy, together with those of our valiant Allies, power to crush finally the enemies of Russia, of the whole Slav world, of justice and of true civilisation, to the benefit of the whole world."

COPENHAGEN, April 5.—I learn that the large German Dreadnoughts, such as those of 25,000 tons, have of late been displaying great activity in the Baltic.—Exchange Special.

PIRATE'S HANDSHAKE.

Two more ships have been sunk in the Channel by a German submarine.

Their crews were landed at Portsmouth.

One vessel was the three-masted Russian barque *Hermes* (823 tons). While she was off St. Catherine's Point a submarine approached at a great speed and fired rifle shots by way of warning.

The submarine soon came up and demanded that the vessel's colours should be shown. On seeing the Russian flag the commander of the submarine gave the crew ten minutes to leave. Her skipper, Captain Erickson, was invited on board the German craft, whose commander shook hands with him.

Bombs were placed by the Germans on board the ship and exploded. The vessel quickly sank.

After being given cigars and beer the crew of the *Hermes* were towed for forty minutes by the submarine, which then sighted a steamer and made off.

Eventually a British destroyer picked up the crew and conveyed them to Portsmouth.

The other vessel sunk was the *Olivine*, a steamer of 256 tons, belonging to Glasgow, and bound from Guernsey to Calais with granite.

PUNISH THE RAIDERS?

PARIS, April 5.—A telegram from Rome says that the *Tribuna*'s Salonika correspondent announces that the incident is closed, and that Bulgaria has informed Serbia that it will give that country satisfaction, and punish the guilty.—Reuter.

[No confirmation has reached official circles in London of this report, but in Balkan circles generally no special significance is attached to the affair, and it is expected that Bulgaria will offer reparation.]

AIR BOMBS DESTROY TWO SUBMARINES.

Success of British Air Raid on Antwerp Base—Airship and Shed Damaged.

FORTY WORKMEN KILLED.

British airmen have scored a notable success in an air raid on the home of the submarine pirates.

Paris officially reported yesterday that the British flying men in their raids on March 26 seriously damaged a German airship shed and the airship sheltered therein.

At Hoboken, Antwerp, two German submarines were destroyed and a third damaged.

In addition, forty German workmen were killed and sixty-two wounded.

FATE OF SUBMARINES.

PARIS, April 5.—This afternoon's official communiqué says: There is nothing to report since the communiqué of last night.

The French military authorities have received precise information on the result of the bombardment carried out in Belgium on March 26 by British military aircraft. These results are as follows:—

An airship shed at Berghem-Sainte-Agathe was seriously damaged, as was the airship in the shed.

At Hoboken the Antwerp Shipbuilding Yard was set on fire and two submarines were destroyed, whilst a third was damaged.

Forty German workmen were killed and sixty-two wounded.—Reuter.

CHASED AND SHOT DOWN.

PARIS, April 5.—A German aeroplane passed over the French lines in the neighbourhood of Chalons (Marne) last night.

Two French airmen gave chase and, after an exciting aerial fight, the German aeroplane was brought down and two officers were taken prisoners.—Exchange.

HATE OF PRUSSIANS.

That Prussians and Prussian officers are making themselves justly hated by the soldiers of other nationalities in the German Army is shown in Eye-Witness's latest narrative from the front.

Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons, he says, took part in the fighting at Neuve Chapelle, but their mutual co-operation does not seem to have been at all points very hearty.

Indeed, our prisoners of the two latter nationalities expressed great indignation at the manner in which they were flung into action.

The orders given them, they said, were to reinforce the firing line, but on advancing from the wood they found the firing line, and discovered instead that they were alone and unsupported. Many surrendered in consequence.

On the whole they were under the impression that they had been grossly mishandled by Prussian officers.

The treatment of their own wounded by the Germans was callous to a degree.

Though numbers were lying in front of the trenches in many places, no effort was made to pick them up and the dead men were compelled by pity, at considerable risk to themselves, to try to reach them.

But the Germans continued to shoot and hit some of our men while engaged on this errand of mercy.

Some idea of the state of things in Germany is given by extracts taken from letters to soldiers which Eye-Witness quotes.

"[Schilling, Westphalia, 22/15].—Bread and all articles of food have become dreadfully expensive, and it is hardly possible to find money to pay for them. We have killed our dog Mollie; it tasted extremely nice. Lisbeth refused to eat it."

The information about "Mollie," comments "Eye-Witness," may be a joke, but even so it shows in what direction thoughts are turning.

HUN OFFICERS ESCAPE.

Two German prisoners in the officers' concentration camp at Denbigh escaped during the night, it was reported yesterday.

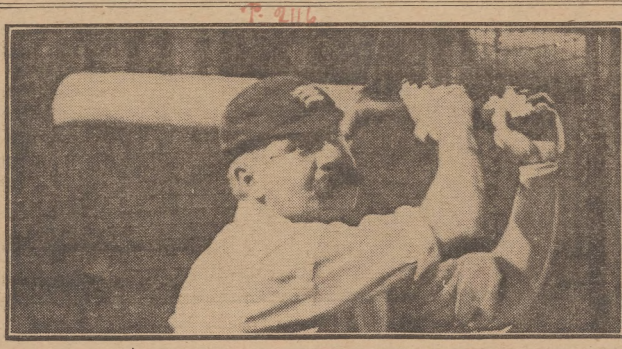
Their names are Lieutenant von Sandersleben and Lieutenant Hans Andler.

The latter is one of the airmen rescued in the North Sea.

The missing officers answered the roll-call on Sunday night, but at eight o'clock yesterday morning they had disappeared.

Lieutenant von Sandersleben is twenty-four years old, 5ft. 9in. in height, has a fresh complexion, light brown hair and brown eyes. He weighs 125 lb. and was dressed in a grey Donegal tweed knickerbocker suit. Lieutenant Andler, twenty-eight years of age, is 5ft. 7in. in height and of medium build. He has dark hair and grey eyes, and he was dressed in a dark brown suit. He speaks English fluently.

A reward of £10 is offered for information leading to the discovery of the men.

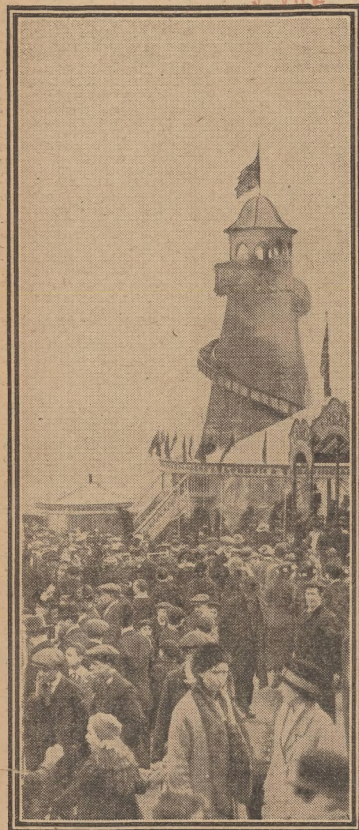


A. E. Stoddart, the famous England and Middlesex cricketer, whose death was reported yesterday. He was also a Rugby international.

HOW THE HOLIDAY WAS SPENT: "KAISER BILL" GETS BADLY BATTERED.



Group of happy paddlers at Scarborough. They know the "baby-killers" won't come again after the lesson Beatty taught them.



Hampstead Heath was the same as ever.



Ellwood, the donkeyman, wore khaki.



The Scotsman rang the bell every time.



A little practice by one of Kitchener's men. He knocked the helmet off.



The members of the Serpentine Swimming Club held their annual race.

London spent a happy holiday. At 'Appy 'Ampstead there was the usual jostling, noisy crowd, and the only sign of the war was that all the dummies were "Kaiser

Bills" or "Clown Princes," while Ellwood, the well-known donkeyman, wore khaki. He has joined the Army Service Corps.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1915.

TWO EASTERS.

IT WAS NOT so very long ago by the calendar—though by memory it seems an age—that Easter Tuesday brought him back to London, back to work, with a mind full of memories of the strange, queer, half-understood things he had seen in a new world that cheap travel had opened for him.

It had been the custom, and he had followed it. Other men with no more means than he did it, so he, too, had gone. "Five days in Belgium," the tour was called. Everything was beautifully arranged. You were guided everywhere. You paid so much down, and the tourist people did the rest. And so he had left London in a crowded train on the Thursday evening, and sleepy but excited he had seen in the morning mists a low sandy shore and a place called Ostend.

And then they had taken him and his companions to a strange old place, that they called "Brooje," and showed him certain wonders that awed him and alternately amazed and bored him. He had criticised everything, freely; compared the life there most unfavourably to the life of his suburb.

And in like spirit he passed on to other ancient towns, rushed through more venerable buildings—they all seemed much alike—yawned at incomprehensible paintings—they were all right, he supposed (in his mind), but they didn't come up to—well, certain works of art of another school that decorated his own rooms at home. Still, he never spoke these heresies; he was simple, humble and eager to appear knowledgeable.

And then to Brussels. Brussels was gay; he liked Brussels, though the beer was thin and bacon and eggs hard to get.

There were lots more of these adventures and impressions. But they brought him back safely, laden with postcards and knick-knacks, to London on the Tuesday morning. And he felt tired, confused, but happy. He had travelled. He had much to say about Belgium and the Belgians; he understood them thoroughly.

The world went on its way, and strange things happened before the next Easter came. But on the Tuesday morning the train brought him back to town again, back along much the same road he had come a year before. But not to work, his work lay behind him now; he came to play for a few brief hours. He still had ideas on Belgium, but they were new ones.

He had learned a lot more about those queer old towns with their venerable buildings and their pictures. He had seen some of them crumple up, smashed by shells hurled from miles away. He had a new point of view on the flat countryside. He had been to a place off the tourist route that, curiously enough, he had noticed on the maps a year before, and wondered how they pronounced it. It had been one of the passing jokes among the tourists. Now he called it "Eaps." Bruges; he knew a lot about Bruges. The "Taubes" came from that neighbourhood. Brussels; a fine place Brussels. He hoped to be there some day soon, he told his friends.

It was funny coming home to spend an Easter holiday in London. Better than out there, though. He was glad to be back in London. And he thought of a year ago and smiled. "We've learned something since then," was his only comment. C. H.

CHANGING MOODS.

Some times at end of day
My courage seems to fail;
Then all my aims look dull,
And my bright dreams turn pale.

The things I meant to do,
How far away they seem!
The man I meant to be
Poor image of a dream!

When lo! 'tis morn again;
Once more my will is strong;
And in my eyes a light,
And on my lips a song.

—H. R. FREESTON.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

The Easter Wedding Rush.

WHAT A rush of weddings we have this week! There are over twenty-four arranged to take place during the next few days, and, of course, the ceremony of primary interest is that of the Hon. Neil Primrose with Lady Victoria Stanley, which will take place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, to-morrow afternoon.

Town and Country.

ON the same day, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Mr. William Younger, eldest son and heir of Sir William Younger, Bart., weds Miss Joan Johnstone, younger daughter of the Hon. Louis and Mrs. Johnstone, and granddaughter of the first Lord Derwent; while an interesting wedding in the country will be that of Mr. Gustav Petersen, of the Hampshires, and Miss Frances

in surgical bandages. He was sitting at the back of the stalls and his entrance made quite a stir.

Miss Braithwaite's Leopard Skin.

BEING a really energetic person, I ran over between the acts of "Veronique" to the Little Theatre, where "The Blow" was to be for the first time. There I saw Miss Lillian Braithwaite looking unusually well with her black hair dressed high and a big leopard skin hanging round her shoulders.

Private Sutton Vane.

THERE were a lot of soldiers in the stalls, most of them being members of the London Rifle Brigade, of which corps Mr. Sutton Vane, who presents "The Blow," is a private—or should

THE COST OF LIVING—A RUDE AWAKENING.



There are a lot of amiable optimists about, such as the one the cartoonist shows here, who imagine that the cost of living is confined to that amount which they expend in buying things for themselves. It comes as a terrible shock to them when they realise that forgotten details like food and housekeeping enter into the cost of living—particularly when they have "gone up."—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

May Frecheville, eldest daughter of Professor Frecheville, F.G.S., of High Wykehurst, Surrey. The ceremony will be at the parish church, Ewhurst.

Round the Theatres.

SATURDAY was a very full night for theatre-goers, for, by some sort of conspiracy, various theatres opened their doors with "revivals" or new productions of things we all wanted to see. Of course, the big gathering of the night was at the Adelphi, where celebrities poured in so frequently that it was hard to fit the greetings of the pit to the greeted. Mr. and Mrs. Hayden Coffin, for instance, arrived in the stalls simultaneously with Miss Marie Lohr and Mr. Denis Terry, so the quartet received a sort of co-operative welcome from the admirers of each.

Furs and Khaki.

MARIE LOHR was looking sweetly pretty in a tailless ermine coat over a geranium-red tulle frock, and Denis Terry was a gallant young figure in khaki. Sir Simeon Stuart was another khaki warrior present, while, I think, most people looked with sympathetic interest at a very tall, young officer in a fur-collared coat whose head and right eyes were heavily bound

it be rifleman? It is hard for us mere women to be Army experts, yet we always get scolded if we are not!

Gaby at Home.

MY wanderings often take me westward in the direction of Kensington Gore, and on one of those cold days last week I noticed one of the pretty houses near by the Albert Hall. Its diamond-paned windows are banked with shivering pink and white hyacinths, while in the little tiled forecourt a large stone vase bears a bright burden of the same sweet blossoms. In front of the door stood a huge white-bodied motor with black "facings" and silver fittings, and within its pale grey interior was piled a sable rug. The door of the pink and white hyacinth-trimmed house opened and there issued forth "Rosy Rapture," otherwise our one and only Gaby.

Cosy Furs.

SHE was a mass of ermine and black fox, and her feet were clad in white boots with black toecaps. She looked so cosily warm. Her spring flowers seemed so sadly cold.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

WAR AND EASTERTIDE

More Views on Christianity and the Call to Arms.

IF we do not "make our judgment blind" we must confess that a Christian nation does not exist. If Christ be God, His commands must be carried out without question; and we could not, therefore, resist by armed force the evil imposed upon us by Germany—taking an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Germany could then assume a bloodless occupation of our country, and any oppression we had to undergo would be suffered in the spirit shown by the early Christian martyrs.

If, afterwards, Germany and the other Western nations became converted to real Christianity, they would expose themselves to decimation by those Eastern nations who profess other religions. If, however, all the Christians in the world were to be exterminated because they practised non-resistance to evil, they would have no alternative, because in so doing they would be obeying what to them are the commands of God.

To those who regard Christ not as God, but as a great spiritual genius and teacher, the whole matter assumes a different aspect, as they would be justified in fighting when the absolute necessity arises.

P. J. C.

I SEE NOTHING out of keeping with the spirit of the command "Love your enemies" in the desire of a large part of the civilised world thoroughly to thrash the enemy of that world-Prussianism. It is most often necessary to give pain in order to cure.

The German peoples are sick, their progress, their national health, their future welfare, are all in jeopardy because of one small, evil, and powerful class in their community.

To allow that class free sway is no kindness to millions of Germans of to-day and of the future. It is no kindness to the supporters of Prussianism themselves. And it is a menace to the world.

It must be crushed, and the generations of the new century people who come after will be thankful for the crushing. One does not love one's enemies by permitting them to rush headlong into misery. It is surely better to save a man from death at the cost of maiming him, or inflicting severe pain upon him than to refrain and stand by while he walks painlessly and whole to extinction. For nations as for children the rod has its uses. LONDONER. Wood Green.

CHRISTIANITY and warfare are indeed hard to reconcile, still I do not know of any part of the Christian teaching that bids us love Satan.

In this present war the action of the German Government is the action of the German Army in Belgium are the works of the Prince of Darkness. There is nothing unchristian in defending the weak, in protecting liberty, and in maintaining progress and enlightenment. J. G. F.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 5.—Many gardens are given up almost solely to summer flowers, whereas even the smallest place should hold some of the lovely daffodils of spring. To-day hundreds of early daffodils nod above the orchard grass, while a sunny bank is bright with a mass of scarlet anemones.

In the bulb border we greet blue carpets of grape hyacinths and Siberian scillas; here the graceful dog's-tooth violets peep up. Primroses, polyanthes, violets and the large-leaved saxifragas may be found in shady beds, and early-flowering trees—such as currants and almonds—begin to open their blossoms. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Our wills of themselves are weak, but anchored in the will of God they are strong.—S. Catherine of Siena.

WOULD LIKE MORE WOOL (BUT NOT BERLIN)

G-643 B



Whispered confidences. Perhaps they are plotting some mischief, as mother is not within earshot.

The lambs which have been born recently on the Highlands of Scotland find that they have been introduced into a bleak, inhospitable world with a nasty white substance on the ground which makes the feet cold. But there is a good time coming soon, when they can gambol in the sun.

G-678 B



"Nice and comfortable with mother as a wind screen."

G-678 B



"I wish I hadn't left mother to go and explore."

HOW TO CROSS CANALS.

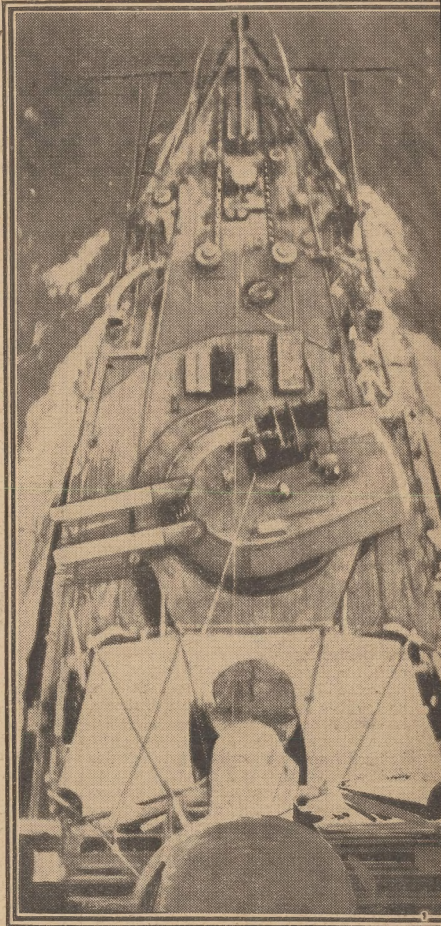
G-333 A



Dutch recruits being taught to pole jump. This is how they get across the dykes and canals while on the march.

NAVAL WARFARE: GER

G-1501 X



H.M.S. Prince George going into action in the Dardanelles. Von der Goltz has told an American journalist that he considers the Straits to be impregnable.

"PINCHED" BY NIPPERS.

T-7493



Lance-Corporal W. L. Sanderson (London Scottish), a new D.C.M. He presented his wire nippers at two Germans, who thought it was a revolver and surrendered.

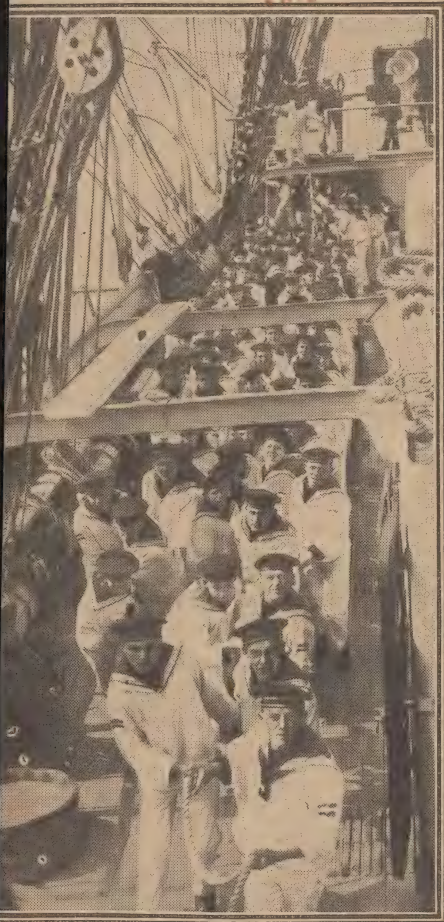
DRESSED

G-231 A



When father or sheepskin coat when he

RAINS YOUNG PIRATES



...es in the making. The picture was taken on the German train-ship Princess Eitel Friedrich when she visited the Forth about a month before the war.

TIPPERARY BRIGADE AT DUBLIN REVIEW



The march past in Phoenix Park. A crowd of at least 100,000 was present at the review.

Y'S COAT.



U.S. LOVE TRAGEDY.



Edith Bryson, a beautiful girl of Savannah (U.S.A.), whose sweetheart was lured to a golf course and shot dead. A jealous rival is suspected of the crime.



An Irish-wolfhound as mascot.



Mr. Redmond chats with Ulster officers.

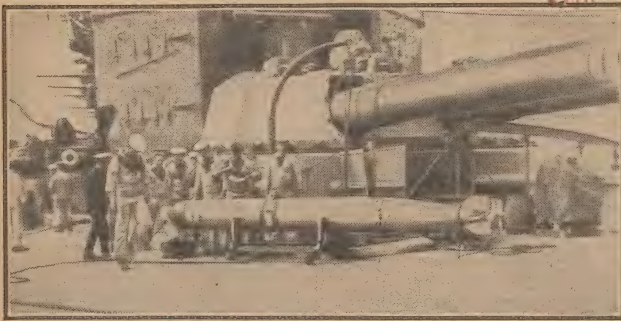


Mr. Redmond watches the march past.

Between 20,000 and 25,000 Irish National volunteers under General Moore, C.B. were reviewed at Dublin on Sunday by Mr. John Redmond M.P., who said that at the very lowest computation 250,000 sons of Ireland were serving with the colours. Tipperary was accorded the distinction of an entire brigade.

ressed her in his
y a babe in arms
Germans.

TWO DEADLY NAVAL WEAPONS.



Turret of the 12-inch guns on board a British battleship in the Dardanelles. A torpedo is also seen lying on the deck.

ADMIT LOSS OF CRUISER.

Turks' Report of Sinking of Medjidieh by Mine—Crew Saved by Warships.

The sinking of the Turkish cruiser Medjidieh, reported in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, has been acknowledged by the Turks.

A Berlin telegram, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, states that the following report from the Turkish Headquarters has been received there:—

The Turkish Fleet appeared near Odessa yesterday, and the cruiser Medjidieh, in pursuing

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS FOR A WAR PHOTOGRAPH.

Two hundred pounds was paid by "The Daily Mirror" for the wonderful photograph of the sinking of the *Palaba*. The photograph was taken by an amateur.

£1,000, £250 and £100 will be paid for the first, second and third most interesting war photographs from amateurs received and published between now and July 31.

An additional sum of £3650 has been set aside to be paid out week by week for the best war photographs received from amateurs.

Films developed free. Names not disclosed. Editor's decision is final. Copyright is vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

the enemy mine-sweepers, approached the hostile coast in the vicinity of the fortress of Otchadow, struck a drifting mine and sank.

Her crew were saved by Turkish warships which were in the vicinity.

The sailors of the Medjidieh, before their vessel sank, removed the breech-blocks of the guns. The cruiser was also torpedoed to prevent the enemy from raising her.—Reuter.

FATAL DISOBEDIENCE.

How a soldier's disobedience was the cause of his death on the railway was told yesterday at an inquest at Mount Nessing, near Brentwood, concerning the death of Private Woodman, 4th London Regiment (Territorials), who was killed on the Great Eastern Railway. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Evidence was given that Woodman disobeyed an order to remain in a train. He descended on to the metals from the wrong side and while crossing the line was caught by a passing train. Deceased lived at the Vale, Acton.

PRICE OF HIS SILENCE.

Russian Soldier's Tongue Cut Out Because He Refused Information to Austrians.

PERNOCGRAD, April 4.—A dispatch received tonight from the Commander-in-Chief says:—

In the region of Zaleszirow during the night of April 3 the Austrians violently bombarded one of our fortifications with heavy guns, their fire killing almost all the defenders.

Their infantry then attacked and occupied the place, but were almost immediately dislodged by a counter-attack made by a Russian company.

The Russians found in the trench one of their comrades whom the Austrians had captured and horribly mutilated.

This man, named Alexis Makukha, had been acting as telephonist, and on his refusing, when taken prisoner, to give the enemy information of military value his tongue was cut out.

The Commander-in-Chief promoted Makukha on the spot to the rank of non-commissioned officer, conferred on him the Cross of St. George of the first degree, and expressed to him his personal gratitude for his strict fidelity to his oath and his duty.

The Commander-in-Chief also brought the case of Makukha to the attention of the Emperor, requesting that he should be granted double the rate of pay given to wounded non-commissioned officers of the first class.—Reuter.

RUSSO-SWEDISH CONFERENCE PLAN.

STOCKHOLM, April 4.—A suggestion by the *Dagens Nyheter* for a conference between members of the Swedish and Russian parliamentary parties has evoked some comment here.

The Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* objects to such a conference between Sweden's national representatives and those of a belligerent Power while a war is in progress which, it says, demands from neutral States the kind of conduct that was required of Caesar's wife.

The *Afton Tidningen* says that both defence and criticism are waste of time as the whole idea is premature.—Reuter.

BRITAIN'S GREAT ROLE.

PARIS, April 5.—The *Figaro*, replying to an article in the *Cologne Gazette*, says:—

"Great Britain does not make war with the blood of others as the *Cologne Gazette* has alleged. She has created a formidable army, which she has made to emerge from the ground, an army which will shortly be at least doubled at the front.

"She will play her great rôle in the decisive action which is being prepared, the success of which the affairs at Perthes and Neuve Chapelle may allow us to regard as certain."—Reuter.

WAR AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Dockers' Holiday Work.

After their week-end rest the Birkenhead dockers went back to work.

German Submarines in the Scheldt.

Two German submarines, says Reuter, are stated to have passed Ghent, on the Scheldt, on their way to the North Sea.

Emperor Decorates Enver Pasha.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, says a Constantinople message, has conferred upon Enver Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War, the order of Military Merit of the First Class.

Home Only to Die.

The death has occurred in the Millbank Military Hospital of Private Matthew Dougall, of the 1st Cameron Highlanders, who was an exchanged prisoner of war.

Woman's Total Prohibition Campaign.

Lady Lionel Phillips, wife of the great South African gold magnate, is heading an appeal, says an Exchange Capetown message, for the total prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquor in South Africa during the war.

No Milk for German Babies.

Great difficulty, says the Exchange, is being experienced in Germany in providing sufficient milk and cream for babies.

Warned to Quit Italy.

German subjects staying at San Remo, says Reuter, have been advised by their Consul to quit Italian territory.

Minors' Six Soldier Sons.

Five soldier sons of deceased were present at an inquest yesterday concerning the death of Dudley miner who was killed by a fall of coal. His sixth son is away fighting in France.

Highgate Motor-car Smash.

Colliding in Archway-road, Highgate, yesterday, a motor-omnibus and a motor-car both mounted the pavement, the car, which contained two women, being severely damaged.

Turks Hang Catholic Priest.

A Catholic priest, named Yusuf Elhait, is reported in Germany, says Reuter, to have been sentenced to death at Beirut, and hanged for sending a letter to the President of the French Chamber about the situation in the Lebanon.

SILVO

Take it Leisurely
Let Silvo do the Work.

SILVO, the new liquid silver and plate polish, costs you only a postcard to test. It acts like magic on silver and plate of all kinds, cleaning as well as polishing, without mess, smell, or excessive rubbing. Silvo saves silver. You can use

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safely on the most delicate gold, silver or plate, without fear of injury to the surface of the metal, as it is absolutely harmless, non-corrosive, and contains no mercury.

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Charming and Useful Blouse
OF PURE IVORY SILK.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. RELIABLE Men wanted as Agents; liberal terms and excellent opportunities for improving position; would suit elderly men of active habits.—Address for particulars, T 2045, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie-st., E.C.

SMALL Day Wanted for office of London Newspaper.—S Apply Box 2017, "Daily Mirror," 23 and 29, Bouverie-st., E.C.

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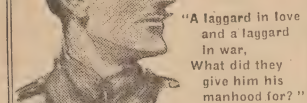
Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. GAME! Game! Game! 11—4 partridges, 3s. 6d.; 2 pheasants, 4s. 9d.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 9d.; 2 wild ducks, 4s. 9d.; 1 pheasant and 1 partridge, 5s. 11d.; 1 hare and 1 pheasant, 5s. 3d.; 4 quail, 3s. 3d.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, 124, 578 and 581, Edgware-st., London, W.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at home, 5s. 6d.; 10s. 6d. weekly if desired.—Call or write, 555, 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5555.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour. By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war. What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going, young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants running out of himself. Just lately his lady serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. "Why doesn't old Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "Riches went off to the front in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heirship with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. He doesn't care a damn for the war. He's only the money he's after." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying. Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. "The only question she asks is—'What's the latest news of the war?' The day happens with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. The day happens with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. The day happens with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Inadvertently old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted. She weak or to Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxicab. The man turns his head and looks at Sonia—it is Richard Chatterton. Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he is wounded slightly, but he is in the trenches, but not badly. He is going out again as soon as possible.

Montague arrives to drop with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells Sonia sneeringly. More hurt than she will admit, she tells Montague that she will marry him when ever he likes.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton's condition. Sonia follows and though Sonia is outwardly calm she learns the truth. The next day she nearly runs into Chatterton. He sees her, but does not stop. He is in a hurry to get home to Sonia how much she really cares for him. Then she suddenly hears from Jardine that Richard is off to the front. "Throwing everything to the winds, Sonia makes a desperate effort to see him off at Waterloo. But the crowd is too great, she can only just catch a glimpse of him—he is smiling at a nurse—and as the train moves out she faints.

The nurse—Mrs. Anderson—helps to get Sonia back to the hotel, where she has a slight collapse.

In the troop-train Richard Chatterton is told by a fellow-soldier that an old gentleman and a girl had been looking for him at Waterloo. "The old fellow called him 'Dick'."

Chatterton is dazed at the news. It is almost unbelievable. A thousand times he asks himself why Sonia came to see him off.

His heart beats faster, a thought, Beck in the trenches, he still keeps torturing himself with the same feverish thoughts and possibilities.

While fighting his life in a perfect inferno, Chatterton hears the stunning news that Sonia is married to Montague.

THE FIELD OF DEATH.

ALL his life Carter remembered the stony look of despair that filled Richard Chatterton's eyes in the moment of silence following his halting explanation; all his life he remembered with bitter remorse that it was his own tactless blunder that had given the master he worshipped the greatest blow of his whole life. He stood, pale-faced and silent, realising the utter futility of trying to undo what he had done, or of even lessening the shock.

Years afterwards he could recall the scene as clearly as if it had been but yesterday. The morning sunlight shined on the background of ruins and debris; the dead horses and smashed guns; the worn-out men trying to

snatch a little sleep as best they could, and Chatterton's motionless figure and haggard face with that awful stunned look in his eyes. . . .

Presently Carter began to stammer a defence. "I thought you would be sure to know, sir, or I wouldn't have told you for the world."

"I thought you would be sure to have heard, seeing that you were in London so lately."

Chatterton made a little silencing gesture with his hand. For the moment he could not speak. His face had gone as white as the clumpy bandage which bound his forehead, but the colour was slowly stealing back now. Already he was recovering his lost self-control. He was remembering that this was not the time or place for a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. He put the pain away, and for the moment buried it. He tried to force himself to remember that there were other things in the world besides a woman with sweet eyes and an adorable smile. He stooped and picked up the cigarettes he had let fall to the wet ground—his hand was almost steady as he took one from the packet and lit it.

"It's all right, Carter," he heard himself say. "I didn't know, but that's not your fault. . . . Well, how have you been getting on? Is there any other news?"

No, sir, the man looked wretched and embarrassed; he fidgeted with his cartridge belt; he would have given his right hand to have been able to undo the last few minutes' remorseful conversation. He was looking at a moment he asked anxiously about the bandaged head.

"It's nothing—a graze, that's all—but the bleeding was a nuisance; it's nothing." Chatterton went back to the corner from which the coming of Carter had aroused him; he had forgotten the man's presence; he leaned back and closed his eyes.

There was a dull throbbing pain in his forehead, and his limbs felt as if they were weighted with lead, but sleep was the last thing now of which he thought; surely there would never be any sleep for him again in the whole desolate world.

Carter hovered near; he did not want to intrude, but he had no intention of getting further from his master than he could help; he offered cigarettes to two men who were without them, and struck up a conversation with them.

They were both optimistically inclined and reckoned that the war would be comfortably over in a month or two; they were perfectly happy in their own minds about the ultimate result of the Kaiser and Germany were "whacked to the wide"; they were already looking forward to marching through the streets of Berlin.

Carter thought differently; he did not find optimism easy in the light of last night's events. He looked across the strewn ground between the trenches and shook his head.

"We've got a long way to go," he said.

The other two looked surprised; they were innumerable; they brought every argument they knew with which to prove their case.

"Glad to hear it," said Carter dryly; it did not seem worth while raising an argument. He had a vivid memory of a recruiting meeting he had attended before leaving London, and the fervid, earnest way in which an old Army officer had begged the men of England to flock to the colours at the end of the war. It was a compulsory vivid recollection, too, of a half-hour spent in one of the London hospitals by the bedside of a wounded friend; of listening to the man's blurt, and yet too eloquent, description of what he had endured, his pain, and don't you believe it when they say that the Germans are done; they're as fresh to-day as they were when they started, as brave as lions. . . .

"We shall win in the long run, because we've jolly well got to, but there'll be the dickens to pay first." He thought this a far more likely version than that to which the two optimists had just treated him.

Apparently they were as sceptical of him as he of them; for after a moment they pointedly excluded him from their conversation.

Carter did not mind. He lay down on the damp ground with the warmth of the sun on his face and fell asleep.

But Carter was too new a soldier to sleep dreamlessly, even when there was comparative peace around him, and his sleep was broken by a dream of stampeding horses and all the horrors of war; by the whizz of bullets and the roar of men. Something struck him on the shoulder—someone was shaking him violently. He woke with a start—to find Chatterton at his side.

"Get up, man! What on earth are you made of that you can sleep through this pandemonium?"

Carter was on his feet in an instant. He must have slept for some hours; for the morning sun shone clear and warm; his face was fading; a grey sky was gathering overhead like a drab curtain, and the crack of rifle fire and the sullen boom of distant guns had started once more. . . .

The Germans were making a second attack on the recaptured trenches. Carter found himself next to Chatterton behind the earthwork defences. It was strange that still the old feeling of having to serve the man who had once been his master was strongly upon him. His fingers itched to take Chatterton's rifle and load it for him. It was all he could do to keep from offering him his own position, which was slightly more sheltered and less wet underfoot.

In spite of the previous night, this second attack had not been expected; the information had been bad, or perhaps someone had sold them to the enemy; from the very beginning it looked a forlorn hope to Chatterton; most of their own men were worn out with insufficient rest and their ranks had been horribly depleted, and on, and on; but the British kept them at bay till sunset.

But the enemy. . . . the earth seemed to breed those swarming, grey-clad figures; as fast as their ranks were thinned others came on, and on, and on; but the British kept them at bay till sunset.

But the grey dusk fell with the long, waving line of battle; they swept earth and sky like the eyes of a demon from which it is impossible to hide, and every time they swept with slow scrutiny over the trenches the shells came and human screams followed. . . .

THE CRAWLING FIGURE.

ONCE Carter's eyes met Chatterton's. . . . Chatterton laughed shortly.

"It looks like being hammered out of existence," he said, and his thoughts flew to Sonia—Montague's wife now!

Would she be sorry when she heard that he was one of the hundreds of dead that would lie in the trenches before night was over? Would she find it in her heart then to forgive him for the way he had once treated her; for the appalling selfishness with which he had first struck at the foundations of their happiness? As he looked on, mechanically loading and firing, it seemed as if the past year of his life, since first he met Sonia, was stretched out like a pathway before him through the shell-smitten darkness.

Step by step he traced the way he had come, down to this present desolation; from the first rosy moment when he asked her to be his wife; and all the way he saw the road strewn with weeds of his own selfishness and blind indifference; nowhere could he find that the fault had been Sonia's, even in the smallest degree.

Well, it was ended now, her fair name was wiped off the page of his unworthy life, as his would presently be wiped off the page of life altogether.

Death!—he had thought so little of it; it had seemed so far away and unreal; something that never to one's friends and acquaintances but seemed to oneself.

And now it was here. . . . each ghastly, pulsating second might be the one that would leave him an agonised quivering thing, gasping his life out.

To die here, like a rat in a hole—without even a run for one's money; without even the glory of being mown down in a fear-shattering charge.

The trench, with its mud and water, became suddenly horrible to him; he felt as if it were a prison, squeezing his life out, shutting him in; the moaning of a wounded man at his feet made him wince; his helpless pathos roused the devil in him; primitive savagery seemed to rush through his veins; he felt as if he must leap that dividing boundary of ear and hand and rush forward to meet the enemy in the way that warriors of old went into battle. What was the use of this nibbling warfare from a trench? . . .

But he stuck it all night—stuck it till dawn came up grey and chill, replacing the gloom of the night. . . . then, almost as if the fevered thoughts of his heart communicated themselves to those in command, an order rang through the night. . . .

It was caught up and repeated, passed from mouth to mouth, and always greeted as it went with a ringing cheer, as hundreds upon hundreds of earth-stained khaki-clad figures leapt from the trenches and dashed forward towards that far-stretching line of blue-spouting flame and lurid glare. . . .

A sort of mad exuberance seized Chatterton. The blood was hammering in his veins. As he ran he shouted and yelled with the rest. It was like the infernal regions let loose. Fear was forgotten—left behind with the mud and death in the trenches. Even the men who fell beneath the awful hailstorm of death fell cheering.

A young lieutenant, gallantly leading his men, was close to Chatterton as they ran. He had lost his cap, and his fair, curly hair looked almost like a girl's in the mingled glare of grey dawn, light and gunfire. . . .

Something in the boyish excitement of his shaven face reminded Chatterton of Sonia a (Continued on page 13.)

THE TURK'S LAMENT.

Gone are the days of my Turkish delight, The Allies are making things hot; The Hun and myself are in terrible plight, We're learning the new Turkey Trot. We don't like to close our nice Harems a bit, And we don't like that cartoon of woe Which shows Hun and Turk both engaged in a flit. Full of fun in this week's "Passing Show."

(Advt.)

The Spring Tonic for Men, Women & Children

Has your system answered the call of Spring? Do you feel lively, vigorous and fit? If not, your blood requires enriching and strengthening—you need a tonic—you need 'JELLOIDS.'

After taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' the blood is enriched and strengthened so that the whole system is revitalised; energy and vigour are restored and one's whole being glows with a sense of health and strength.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' are equally beneficial to men, women and children. They are convenient and easy to take, inexpensive, and perfectly harmless. IRON 'JELLOIDS' cannot injure the teeth, nor cause constipation or rust in the stomach. A fortnight's IRON 'JELLOIDS' treatment costs but 1/1½—get a box from your Chemist's to-day.

Iron Jelloids

enrich the blood—renew vitality

Mr. F. J. Warren, 108, Edith Road, West Kensington, writes:—"I have tried the 'JELLOIDS' and find them satisfactory in every way. I may mention, since you state 'they would be invaluable for Anemia, that 'my wife has derived more benefit from 'IRON 'JELLOIDS' for that complaint than from anything else."

For Women, No. 2. For Men, No. 2A (containing Quinine). For Children, No. 1. Of all Chemists, price 1/1½ and 2/9 a box, or from The 'Jelloid' Co. (Dep. 72 S.T.), 205, City Rd., London.

Grey hair changed at once to a natural shade of light brown, dark brown or black by the use of VALENTINE'S EXTRACT (WARRANTED MILD). A perfect, cleanly, harmless, and washable stain. Does not clog the pores. Price 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. per bottle. By post 3d. extra, securely packed. Address: C. L. Valentine, 46A, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Dear Food

Now that bacon, fish and all breakfast and supper dainties are so dear, people are buying more and more of the delicious Skipper (Norwegian) Sardines. The thrifty housewife finds that they go a long way in hard times, and always provide an appetising dish at the most frugal meal. We are selling all we can get, and could sell lots more if we had them. Quality considered, no food is cheaper than.

Skipper Sardines (Norwegian)

ANGUS WATSON & CO., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

That's all!

The shortest cut in the world to a roasting good cup of coffee—boiling water, a cup, and



Lord Bute.

Company. The Marquis is one of the richest men in the kingdom. His income has been estimated at over £200,000 a year, and he possesses vast estates.

A Lucky Marquis.

Mount Stuart Castle, his lordship's property near Rothesay, cost between £600,000 and £700,000 to build, while the island of Bute, 20,000 acres in Wigtownshire and 40,000 acres in Avonshire also belong to the lucky young Marquis.

The Poor's Piper.

Lord Bute is very keen on everything Scotch. He often appears in the kilt, and keeps a piper to play the good old Scottish airs. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and his love of open-air life is shared by the Marchioness, who is a daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham.

Welsh Wine.

One of Lord Bute's hobbies is the cultivation of the vine, a proceeding in which his late father was also interested. There are two Bute vines—one near Cardiff, and the other at Swanbridge. Of course, the English climate is not very favourable for the vine, but some excellent results have been obtained, and some of the wine has been declared equal to the best French brands.

The Marquis's Accent.

An amusing story is told of the Duke's father. In the neighbourhood of Rothesay he met a Cockney tourist, who asked to be directed to a certain place. Deceived by the Marquis's accent, the visitor took him for a Southron.

Frightened the Cockney.

The tourist took that occasion to make supercilious remarks about the islanders of Bute. "I suppose you're like me, an Englishman?" he said. "No," responded the Marquis. "I'm a native of Bute, this island." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the Londoner, "then who in the dooce tamed you?" Lord Bute assumed a very fierce expression and, raising a ponderous cudgel he was carrying, hissed viciously. "Who says I'm tame?" The Cockney fled in alarm.

A Brahman's Predictions.

When the Indian troops came to Europe they brought with them a Brahman seer, Kaya Andra, bony and venerable, with a long white beard. He took up his quarters in a village in Picardy, behind the British lines; and he is there still.

The Kaiser's Fate.

Having studied the heavens from his youth up, he is able to read in the stars the future of the great ones of the earth and proclaim their destiny. The German Emperor, who was born under Aquarius—which signifies solitude, desertion, exile and sickness—has nothing very cheerful to hope for.

His Downfall Next Year.

The year 1915 will bring him terrible reverses, notably in June, July and December, but his definite downfall will only occur during the first half of 1916, and it will entail the exile of the Kaiser and his family.

Austrian Emperor's End.

The Lion, the Bull and the Scorpion, uniting their baleful influences, have condemned the aged Francis Joseph to a joyless end, and his throne and empire will be annihilated after a sanguinary revolution in this year of grace, 1915.

War Breeds Politeness.

I met a couple of French journalists yesterday afternoon and I was rather surprised to hear from them that London is getting more polite. They attribute it to the war, which they think is broadening the minds of the Londoner. Certainly there never was a time when the foreigner found Londoners more helpful.

The Soldier's Bride.

The soldier's wedding was a very popular drama in real life on Easter Sunday and Monday in many of the humbler London suburbs, and very happy the bridegrooms looked in their kinks. Some of the men had obtained such short leave for their weddings that all the preliminary arrangements were left in the hands of their sweethearts. One blushing bride gave me a spirited account of her adventures in search of a licence.

The Policeman Knows.

"Somebody told me I had to go to Basinghall-street," she said, "and I did not know where that was. So I asked a policeman near St. Paul's for the direction. 'You don't want Basinghall-street, Miss,' said he. 'I think you want a wedding licence.' And when I looked surprised at his knowing, he went on: 'Why, there's a dozen nice young ladies ask me the way every day. I know what they want as soon as I see them.'"

The Boys Whistled.

"So he told me where to go, and there were actually two other girls there on the same errand. Everybody was so considerate that I should not have minded a bit, but two horrid little boys whistled the wedding march when I came out of the office. That made me feel hot all over."

The Right Address.

For the benefit of all maidens in similar distress, I may state that licences can be obtained at the Vicar-General's Office, 3, Creed-lane, Ludgate-hill, or at Knightbridge-street, E.C. The fees, including stamps, amount to two pounds sterling.

"La Petite Marquise."

The Countess of Carnarvon, who is reopening her hospital for officers at Highclere Castle to-day, is a charming combination of what has been described as a Parisian-Eng-



Lady Carnarvon.

lishwoman. To her intimates she is known by the nickname of "La Petite Marquise." Her mother, a fascinating Frenchwoman, married the brother of Sir George Wombwell.

Marvellous Jewels.

Dainty, vivacious and exquisitely dressed, she would seem a veritable society butterfly if it were not well known that she has serious tastes, and that her happiest days are spent in the retirement of her home. She is an accomplished musician, a great reader, and has a thorough knowledge of art in all its branches. Her jewels are marvellous, and have often been described.

Topic at the Tea-Tables.

I was at Hampton Court yesterday, and was struck by the great number of French and Belgian visitors. They evinced tremendous interest in all that appertains to the Palace. Guide-book in hand, they wandered round, examining almost every stone. In the evening at tea, mine was the only one of nine tables at which English was spoken. At four of the tables there was an animated conversation over the pictures in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

The Motor-Cycle Knut.

Just at dusk on Easter Sunday I paid a flying visit to "Appy Hampstead." There are few prettier places in London than the road leading from Jack Straw's Castle to the Spaniards, and I found this promenade crowded with happy young people, as it usually is at this time of the year, only there was a difference. The dozens of motor-cycle "knuts" and attendant "flappers" who, in the past, have proved something of a nuisance and a danger to pedestrians, have completely disappeared.

"Duc de Bouillon's" Brave Son.

M. Alexandre Duval, son of the head of the multiple restaurants in Paris so well known to English visitors, promises to become quite as celebrated as his father, but in another direction. The young man, who is a lieutenant in the French Flying Corps, started off recently in the north of France on a special mission, accompanied by a skilful pilot.

Sighted an Aviatik.

They had not gone far when they sighted an Aviatik. The German accepted the challenge, and both aeroplanes began manoeuvring for position. The "Boche" opened fire with a mitrailleuse, and the Frenchman replied with a Winchester rifle.

Collapsed in German Lines.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the Aviatik made a sudden dive downwards, and a moment later collapsed in the German lines. The combat, which had been watched by thousands of soldiers in both camps from their trenches, was saluted by a mighty shout of triumph from the "poilus."

The Pleasures of Inoculation.

The anti-inoculation, anti-vaccination advocates who declare that inoculation is unpopular amongst the soldiers do not know, apparently, the actual facts. A subaltern in Kitchener's Army assures me that inoculation is preferred to any other ceremony connected with the doctor, and that if only the authorities permitted, every soldier would make a habit of being inoculated weekly. Naturally, I inquired why. "Because," he replied, "it's a rule, applicable to all ranks, that following the needle prick we get two days' holiday."

Where Sergeants Command Colonels.

There is only one place in the British Army where a sergeant can command officers of all ranks ranging up to colonels. That is the Army School of Musketry at Hythe, where picked officers are sent for instruction. On arrival the officers are divided into squads and put in charge of a staff-sergeant. In the same squad may be seen the portly, apologetic major and the slim, agile subaltern performing weird evolutions with a rifle at the sergeant's word of command.

The Sergeant Scholastic.

Needless to say, these sergeant-teachers are altogether exceptional men. Not only do they know musketry from A to Z, but they have to exhibit great tactfulness and patience in teaching it. Consequently they are well paid and generally well educated. You can always tell a Hythe sergeant by the fact that he wears crossed rifles on his hat and the letters "S. of M." (School of Musketry) on his shoulder.

Novelties in Waistcoats.

The waistcoat plays a very important part in woman's dress at the moment, I am told. It is being worn both in thick velvets, brocades and also as a little muslin trifle. The latter is a combined garment of waistcoat and collar, and cheers up a dark costume considerably.

Troubles of a Shipping Combine.

A friend in the shipping business told me yesterday that the news from New York of the financial embarrassment of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the gigantic "combine" formed by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was not surprising. Mr.



Mr. Philip Franklin.

Philip Franklin, who has been appointed Receiver, is well known in Leadenhall-street and Liverpool. He is a tall, slender man, always immaculately dressed.

Imperturbable.

The last time I saw him was in New York during the excitement over the Titanic disaster. He was surrounded by at least thirty New York reporters, who were shouting questions at him. He never lost his temper, and the inquisition did not even ruffle his calmness. I learned later that he had had to endure this inquisition for several days; indeed, he told me that he had not had his clothes off for three days after the news of the disaster had reached New York.

A Disappointment.

Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, husband of Miss Edna May, did not win the Queen's Prize Handicap at Kempton Park with his horse Boots yesterday. I am told he and his wife were confident of carrying off this racing honour, but Frustration, owned by a Belgian, Mr. Oscar Lewisohn. M. Niquet, won the race. Mr. Lewisohn is a rosy, smooth-shaven, handsome young man, and devoted to his beautiful wife. One sees them together always. He is very wealthy, being the son of an American "copper king," and a very keen sportsman.

An Embarrassing Welcome.

I see him and his wife at nearly every first night, and am always interested to see how embarrassed he looks when pit and gallery cheer his wife, as they always do when they discover the couple walking down the gangway to their stalls.

Great Cricketer's Tragic End.

Mr. A. E. Stoddart, an England captain at Rugby and cricket, who died on Saturday under tragic circumstances, was one of the best-known sportsmen of the later days of last century. He did yeoman service for Middlesex between 1885 and 1900.

His Best Year.

Altogether in that period he scored 14,217 runs for an average of 30.47. His best year was 1893, when he made 2,072 runs for an average of 42.14.

His Highest Score.

The highest score Mr. Stoddart ever made in a first class match was in 1900 in the Whiteside match against Somerset at Lord's. The game was played for J. T. Hearne's benefit, and A. E. hit up 221 in the second innings.

Fearless, Strong and Fast.

As a Rugby footballer Mr. Stoddart was a magnificent three-quarter back, fearless, strong and fast. He played for England against Scotland from 1886 to 1893 inclusive, against Wales in 1885, 1886, 1890 and 1893, against Ireland in 1885, 1886 and 1890.

A Popular Secretary.

Like most great cricketers, Mr. Stoddart was good at most ball games, and the racquets and tennis courts at Queen's Club knew him well. Known to his intimates as Stoddy, he had been for some years a very popular secretary of The West Kensington Club.

His Account.

I have just heard the record terse account of the blowing up of a boat by a mine. It was given to a friend of mine by a sailor man, lying in hospital, who was blown up with the boat, and who was subsequently rescued. He was asked what he knew of the explosion. "Well, sir," he replied, "I can't say as I knows much of it. I was a-snooring away in my hammock, sir, when I hears a dickens of a noise! Then, sir, the nurse says, 'Sit up an' take this.'"

Cyclist Joy Rides.

Nowhere in its peregrinations does Kitchener's Army meet with more enthusiastic receptions than in remote country villages. "When we take a route ride through tiny Sussex villages it's more like a joy ride than anything else," writes a cyclist officer. "A royal progress could hardly create more excitement. Dogs bark, children shout, the populace cheers, the soldiers sing. And if we halt we are overwhelmed with gifts."

The Coconut Shy.

"The other day an old country woman came out from her cottage with a bag of oranges. Unfortunately as she began throwing them I had just given the order to mount, and to the huge delight of my men her first shot knocked a corporal off his bicycle. 'Well shield, missus!' yelled the platoon. 'Will you have a cigar or a handful of nuts?'"

Youthful Logic.

A little boy I know was remonstrated with by his mother on eating too much at a party. "But, mamma," he said, "if I do not eat I shall die, and if I do eat you say I shall be ill. So what am I to do?"

THE RAMBLER.

NO MORE GREY HAIR.

10,000 Home Grey Hair Treatments
Free to the Public.

Wonderful Treatment Restores Natural
Colour without Dyes.

NO more grey hair! No more fading, whitening hairs to steal away the charm of youth. No more humiliating, expensive and troublesome dyes and hair stains.

For an amazing new scientific preparation has been discovered that quickly and permanently overcomes greyness and restores in full beauty and lustre all the original natural hair colour that gives so great a distinction and "vitality" to the face and expression.

The discoverer—Mr. Edwards, the inventor of the world-famous "Harlene" Hair-Drill—has decided to give ten thousand supplies of this wonderful discovery free to the public.

TEST IT AT HOME.

This means that every grey-haired man or woman who reads this announcement is entitled to receive a home-test "Astol" treatment without cost or obligation whatever by simply using the coupon printed below.

It makes no difference whether your grey hairs are due to Worry, Shock, Hair Debility, Illness, Approaching Age, Over-work, or any other cause; no matter if you are partially or entirely grey or white haired, you can accept this wonderful free "Astol" gift with just the same perfect confidence of success.

POST THE COUPON BELOW.

Fill in your name and address on the form below. Send it in to Mr. Edwards with 2d. stamps for postage, and by return of post you will receive—

1. A free bottle of "Astol"—the discovery that penetrates directly to the colouring cells of the hair and by restoring the full natural hair-colour from root to tip, makes you look years and years younger.

2. A free copy of Mr. Edwards' book, "Good News for the Grey Haired," explaining all about "Astol" and how simply and conveniently you can effect your hair rejuvenation.

Of course, once you have seen for yourself by means of this free test just how truly wonderful is the "Astol" method, you can always obtain larger supplies of "Astol" from your chemist at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or post free on remittance from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Postage extra on foreign order. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

To the Edwards' Harlene Co.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.
Dear Sirs:—Please send me a free trial supply of "Astol," and full directions. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name

Address

"Daily Mirror" 6415.

MACKINTOSH'S
THE CROWNING TRIUMPH.
TOFFEE de LUXE

THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN LUCKY STONE.

This wonderful Lucky Stone from Ceylon, said to contain great magnetic and luck bringing power, and which has brought good fortune and happiness to thousands, is at present being eagerly sought after. Richard S. Field, the discoverer of these beautiful lucky gems, has been overwhelmed with testimonials from people who possess them, and has decided to give away a limited number. Those who wish to receive their lucky stone should write at once, enclosing stamp for booklet about his adventures in India, discovery of the "Lucky Stone," and how it brought him wealth and fame, together with particulars of his free offer. Address: Richard S. Field, Dept. C58, Ludgate-hill, London.—(Ad.)

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

little. Actually there was no resemblance, but his brain was a ferment of pain and madness, and in such a mood a sentimental streak of moonlight on the floor of a barn would have made him think of the woman he loved.

What did it matter now if he went out and were left with the thousands of other nameless dead? he thought recklessly, as he stumbled over a fallen man and fell, only to struggle up again and dash on.

It was a nightmare rush around ground that seemed swept with fire and alive with prayers for help and groans of agony.

Two or three miles below, a fresh battery had heard the heavy firing and dashed to the rescue; it was only when the shells from their guns screamed overhead that the steady tide of defeat seemed to waver, and then turn.

At one time even the thought of bayoneting a man had turned Chatterton sick, but now each time a grey-clad figure went down before him the exuberance grew in his veins.

This was vengeance; this was wiping out a little of the heavy score of the earlier days of the war; he was striking a blow for England, and each blow went home.

Once he glanced round him, slowly to look for Carter, but the man had disappeared, though for some distance they had kept together; the realisation turned Chatterton sick; for an instant his feet seemed chained to the earth, though in reality he had not slackened his pace.

And then once again came the gradual slackening of the fight; the Germans had had enough for the time being of the smashing of the fresh battery; despite their frantic efforts they had made no real progress; only a heap of dead and wounded and a lot of battered guns were left to show the futility of their attempt.

Day after day the same partial victory had been maintained day after day the same fight for the same row of trenches was enacted, and now once more, with the lessening of the firing, began again the sorrowful task of burying the dead and collecting the wounded.

Some, still living, were beyond help on account of the continuous shrapnel fire; back in the shelter of the trenches, Chatterton looked on at the heart-breaking, hopeless scene.

It was light now, light enough to see dying men writhing in a last effort to drag themselves back to safety; and mingling with their groans were the cries of the wounded horses, for whom as yet nothing could be done.

To the right, a team of horses lay dead, still in harness, and beside them a young gunner, the reins still clutched in his hand, lay with dead boyish face turned to the sky.

Chatterton turned his eyes away; he could not bear to look longer. . . . and then, right in front of the trench, some hundred yards away, he had made him think of Sonia, trying painfully to drag himself back to the line.

He must have been shot through the legs, for, as he worked himself slowly along by arms and elbows, his legs dragged behind him like dead weights over the rough, strawen earth.

Shrapnel was still falling like rain; and revengeful rifle fire snapped continuously through the grey morning light.

Chatterton watched that dragging figure with bated breath; it moved so slowly now—so painfully. . . . and then suddenly—as if the last spark of vitality had been blown out like a flickering candle flame, it went down—down, and lay motionless.

It is an old saying, and very often a true one, that no man would be a hero if he first stopped to think; a man is a hero on the impulse of the moment, and so it was now with Chatterton.

he was over the trench-head in a single bound, and running like a hare across the shrapnel-swept ground towards that huddled figure.

There will be another splendid instalment of this great story to-morrow.

HOLIDAY RACING.

The feature of yesterday's holiday racing was the success of Cupid in the big event, at Kempton. Frustration beat another outsider in Hey-Diddle-Didde in the Queen's Prize, and at Manchester, Vermont, another 20 to 1 chance won the Lancashire Stakes, beating easily from the favourite, Templedowney. For to-day's meetings selections are appended:—

KEMPTON.		BIRMINGHAM.	
1.50.—KNIGHT OF YORK.	2.0.—SANDRINE.	2.30.—COMEDIENNE.	
2.20.—ANGUS.	3.0.—LE TOUCHE.	3.0.—LE TOUCHE.	
2.50.—BROAD.	3.0.—EASTINGTON.	4.0.—ERL KING.	
3.20.—PATRICK.	4.0.—ERL KING.	4.50.—ARBELLA.	
3.50.—ROSEVILLE.			
4.50.—AMANTINE F.			

MANCHESTER.

2.0.—KILLIN. 3.50.—MERIDIAN.

3.0.—DOUBLEDAR. 4.0.—HEATHSTONE.

DOUBLE SINGLE FOR TO-DAY.

*EASTINGTON AND ERL KING.

BOUVERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

KEMPTON.	
1.50.—Richmond Welter. 1m.—High Mer (100-30, F. Bullock). 1; Evert (3-1); 2. Pan (10-1); 3. 19 ran.	
2.0.—South-Western T.V.O. Plate. 5f.—Bachelor's Cherry (100-3, E. Knight). 1; Hey-Diddle-Didde (20-1); 2. Don de Roc (8-1); 3. Also ran: Boots (7-4), Watergrail (5-1), Maggar (2-1), Knight's Key, Swift (10-1), Wenchester Fantaisie, Sponer, Brotherton, White Prophet, Grecian Maid, Mill-bridge and Polygamist (20-1).	
4.0.—Exter Plate. 1m.—Archistown (5-4, Donoghue). 1; Black Kite (5-1); 2. Whitey Jet (5-1); 3. 4 ran.	
4.50.—Rendellham Plate.—Mercedes (10-4, Wheatley). 1; Lady Isabel (4-1); 2. Flying Beauty (10-1); 3. 5 ran.	
5.0.—Rothschild Welter. 1m.—Salon (5, Grant). 1; Sentiment (4-7); 2. Savonar (10-1); 3. 6 ran.	

BIRMINGHAM.	
2.0.—Bromsgrove Plate. 5f.—Kilrea (7-1, Wal. Grigels). 1; Nankers (4-1); 2. Gentry T.V.O. Plate. 5f.—Cluquet (5-2, F. Templeman). 1; Symmetrical (5-1); 2. Finisher (100-8, F. 1 ran).	
3.0.—Doddington Plate. 5f.—Cold Storage (10-1, F. Templeman). 1; Will Davis (9-4); 2. Nora Dale (2-1); 3. 4 ran.	
3.50.—Spring Handicap. 1m.—Grassy (11-10, Fox). 1; Serby Drake (10-1); 2. Verge II (5-1); 3. 6 ran.	
4.0.—Water Orton Plate. 1m.—Aeronauf (4-1, Fox). 1; Redgate (5-1); 2. Bender (5-1); 3. 9 ran.	
4.50.—Decker Hill Plate. 1m.—Baccara (8-1, Mulholland). 1; Crowned Head (4-1); 2. Laggard (8-15); 3. 6 ran.	

MANCHESTER.	
Race. Winner. Jockey.	
Salford Hurdle (4) 21 Wild Aster Pigott	
Irian Chase (5) 5-4 Salvation Dainty	
Lancashire Chase (12) 20-1 Vermont Beardon	
Spring Hurdle (11) 8-1 Sting Hawkins	
Swinson Chase (2) 2-7 Elgon W. J. Smith	
Cheerham Hurdle (6) 5-1 Drivers Geadon	

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULTS.

LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.—Sheffield United (h) 1, Sunderland 1; Middleborough (h) 5, Sheffield Wednesday 1; West Bromwich Albion (h) 2, Newcastle United 0; Manchester City (h) 0, Oldham 0; Notts County (h) 1, Aston Villa 1; Blackburn Rovers (h) 5, Manchester United 0; Liverpool (h) 5, Blackburn Rovers 0; Burnley (h) 2, Chelsea 0.

THE LEAGUE.—Division II.—Huddersfield 1, Bristol City 0; Clapton Orient (h) 5, Glossop 2; Blackpool (h) 4, Stockport County 2; Arsenal (h) 1, Barnsley 0; Hull City (h) 2, Fulham 0; Grimsby Town (h) 1, Bury 0; Birmingham (h) 1, Preston North End 1; Wolverhampton Wanderers (h) 5, Leeds City 1; Derby County (h) 1, Leicester Town 0; Lincoln (h) 2, Notts Forest 1.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Millwall (h) 2, Bristol Rovers 0; Exeter (h) 1, Plymouth Argyle 1; Northampton (h) 1, Farnborough 0; Watford 2, Luton (h) 0; Cardiff City (h) 2, West Ham 1; Crendon Common (h) 1, Queen's Park Rangers 0; Norwich City (h) 5, Southport 0; Leeds R. (h) 1, Gillingham 0; Southampton (h) 4, Swindon 1; Reading (h) 3, Southend 0.

MIDLAND LEAGUE.—Chatterfield (h) 1, Sheffield United R. 0; Rotherham City (h) 4, Lincoln City 1; Mexborough (h) 2, Halifax 2; Sheffield Wednesday R. (h) 1, Bradford 1; Walsley (h) 2, Scunthorpe 0; Leeds R. (h) 1, York 0; Goole (h) 7, Castleford 1.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE. Partick Thistle 1, Glasgow Rangers (h) 0; Third Lanark 2, Clyde (h) 1; Celtic 5, Queen's Park (h) 0.

NORTHERN LEAGUE.—Hull (h) 46 pts. St. Helens 2; Hull Kingston Rovers (h) 18, Hunslet 12; Halifax (h) 10, Rochdale 0; York (h) 12, Swinton 2; Bradford (h) 11, Halifax Widnes (h) 19, Dewsbury 3; Huddersfield (h) 49, Barrow 5.

Mr. H. Barry's Scotch Artillery (16 to 1) won the Sydney Cup yesterday, States Reuter.

MOTHER, YOUR CHILD NEEDS A LAXATIVE!

If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sick, or the Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give

"California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food. When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act-naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea. Have a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child of all ages, and get rest harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeiters sold here, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." Have a back with contempt any other fig syrup. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 1d. and 1s. 9d. per bottle.—(Adv't.)

Cockle's
ANTIBILIOUS
Pills
Ensure Good
DIGESTION
and a
Healthy, Active
LIVER.
Or Chemists throughout the world. 1/15 & 2/9.
JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "TIN WITH THE TAB"?

It's a most ingenious invention. You just pull the tab upwards and upwards, and the lid becomes loose on a tin of Day and Martin's Boot Polish. No more worry with tins that get stuck. Patent applied for and provisionally granted. Day and Martin's lid. tin of Boot Polish is nearly twice as big as most other makes—and it's better polish. You can get it with the new Economic Disc, which saves wasting polish. Send id. stamp for Economic Disc, or 2 stamps for Disc and a "Tin of Polish with the Tab." To Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, London, E.—(Adv't.)

W. J. HARRIS & Co. Ltd.
The MASCOT. Complete with Apron 45/-
Wired on Tyres. Carriage Paid. Cante Free. No extra whatever.
ALL KINDS ON EASY TERMS.
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51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E., and numerous branches.

ECZEMA SPREAD ON HANDS, ARMS, FACE

And Neck, Itching, Burning and Loss of Sleep Awful. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

Goonbell st., St. Agnes, Cornwall, Eng.—"The trouble took me in the palm of my left hand. It was a dry scale which spread all over my hands, arms, face and neck. I was told it was dry eczema. The itching, burning, and loss of sleep were awful. I cannot find words to describe what I suffered. My face was swollen. I was blind for three days. "I saw the Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised and sent for it. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for three days, and got completely healed."—(Signed) Mrs. H. M. RICHARDS, Aug. 19, 1914.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST
With 3p. Skin Book. Address postcard: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-sq., London. Sold throughout the world.

MANSION POLISH
FURNITURE LINOLEUM
The new and superior preparation of highly concentrated Wax, also imparts a permanent, preservative polish, which will not fingermark, to Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors, revealing their original beauty. She is anxious to work for you.
Prepared by The Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W., Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

PIRATES MURDER GLASGOW GIRL.

PHOTOGRAPH OF BEARER.

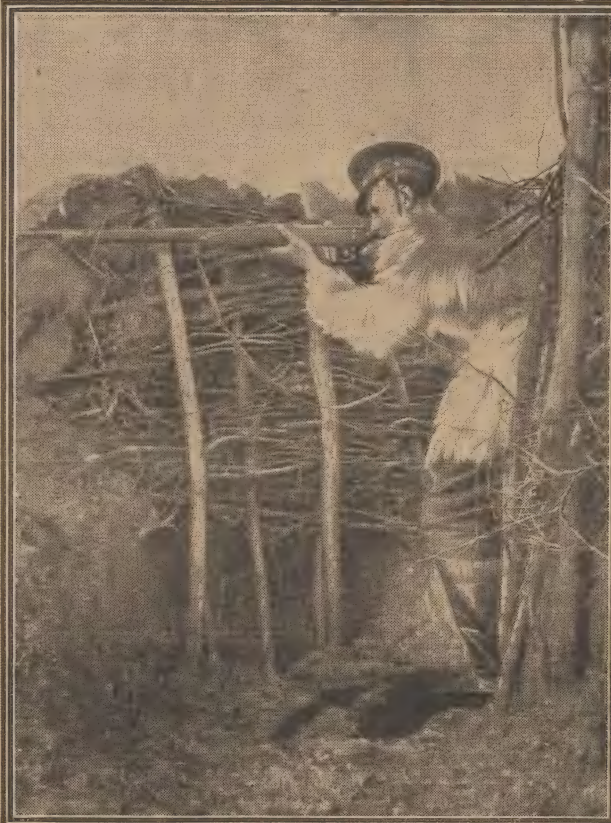


SIGNATURE OF BEARER.

Dolly Smith

Miss Dolly Smith, of Glasgow, who was shot dead by German pirates when they sank the steamer Aguila. The portrait appears on her passport, on which her signature is also seen.

HOW "TOMMY" SPENT HIS EASTER.



While those at home were enjoying the Easter holidays, the British soldier was in the trenches fighting the Germans. "Tommy" does not get days off, but he never strikes. His watchword is duty.

JACK'S EARLY MORNING SEWING CLASS: "TEA AT 5 A.M."



When the British bluejacket handles the needle it is to mend such things as the ship's awnings and the sails of the small boats. He also mends his own clothes, and he gets up very early to do it. The young ladies who have sewing classes prefer them

later in the day, with tea at 5 p.m. instead of 5 a.m. Jack's sewing class is a very jolly affair, and jokes fly about as he plies his needle. Many of the jests are at the expense of the enemy and his preference for harbours as against the sea.

NO MORE GREY HAIR.

10,000 Home Grey Hair Treatments
Free to the Public.

Wonderful Treatment Restores Natural
Colour without Dyes.

NO more grey hair! No more fading, whitening hairs to steal away the charm of youth. No more humiliating, expensive and troublesome dyes and hair stains.

For an amazing new scientific preparation has been discovered that quickly and permanently overcomes greyness and restores full beauty and lustre all the original natural hair colour that gives so great a distinction and "vitality" to the face and expression.

The discoverer—Mr. Edwards, the inventor of the world-famous "Harlene" Hair-Drill—has decided to give ten thousand supplies of this wonderful discovery free to the public.

TEST IT AT HOME.

This means that every grey-haired man or woman who reads this announcement is entitled to receive a home-test "Astol" treatment without cost or obligation whatever by simply using the coupon printed below.

It makes no difference whether your grey hairs are due to Worry, Shock, Hair Debility, Illness, Approaching Age, Over-work, or any other cause; no matter if you are partially or entirely grey or white haired, you can accept this wonderful free "Astol" gift with just the same perfect confidence of success.

POST THE COUPON BELOW.

Fill in your name and address on the form below. Send it in to Mr. Edwards with 2d. stamps for postage, and by return of post you will receive—

1. A free bottle of "Astol"—the discovery that penetrates directly to the colouring cells of the hair and by reviving the full natural hair-colour from root to tip, makes you look years and years younger.
2. A free copy of Mr. Edwards' book, "Good News for the Grey Haired," explaining all about "Astol" and how simply and conveniently you can effect your hair rejuvenation.

Of course, once you have seen for yourself by means of this free test just how truly wonderful is the "Astol" method, you can always obtain larger supplies of "Astol" from your chemist at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or post free on remittance from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Postage extra on foreign order. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

To the Edwards' Harlene Co.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.
Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free trial supply of "Astol," and full directions. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

Name
Address
"Daily Mirror," 6-4-15.

MACKINOSH'S
THE CROWNING TRIUMPH.
TOFFEE de LUXE

THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN LUCKY STONE.

This wonderful Lucky Stone from Ceylon, said to contain great magnetic and luck bringing power, and which has brought good fortune and happiness to thousands, is at present being eagerly sought after. Richard S. Field, the discoverer of these beautiful lucky gems, has been overwhelmed with testimonials from people who possess them, and has decided to give away a limited number. Those who wish to change their luck should write at once, enclosing stamp for booklet about his adventures in India, discovery of the "Lucky Stone," and how it brought him wealth and fame, together with particulars of his free offer. Address: Richard S. Field, Dept. C58, Ludgate-hill, London. (Ad.)

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

little. Actually there was no resemblance, but his brain was a ferment of pain and madness, and in such a mood a sentimental streak of moonlight on the floor of a barn would have made him think of the woman he loved. What did it matter now if he went out and were left with the thousands of other nameless dead? He thought recklessly, as he stumbled over a fallen man and fell, only to struggle up again and dash on.

It was a nightmare rush across ground that seemed swept with fire and alive with prayers for help and groans of agony. Two or three miles behind, a fresh battery had heard the heavy firing and dashed to the rescue; it was only when the shells from their guns screamed overhead that the steady tide of defeat seemed to waver, and then turn.

At one time even the thought of bayoneting a man had turned Chatterton sick, but now each time a grey-clad figure went down before him the exuberance grew in his veins.

This was vengeance; this was wiping out a little of the heavy sorrow of the earlier days of the war; he was striking a blow for England, and each blow went home.

Once he glanced round hastily to look for Carter, but the man had disappeared. Though for some distance they had kept together; the realisation turned Chatterton sick; for an instant his feet seemed chained to the earth, though in reality he had not slackened his pace.

And then once again came the gradual slackening of the fight; the Germans had had enough for the time being of the smashing of the fresh battery; despite their frantic efforts they made no real progress; only a heap of dead and wounded and a lot of battered guns were left to show the futility of their attempt.

Day after day the same partial victory had been maintained; day after day the same fight for the same now or never; only a heap of dead and wounded, with the lessening of the firing, began again the sorrowful task of burying the dead and collecting the wounded.

Some, still living, were beyond help on account of the continuous shrapnel fire; back in the shelter of the trenches, Chatterton looked on at the heart-breaking, hopeless scene.

It was light now; light enough to see dying men writhing in a last effort to drag themselves back to safety; and mingling with their groans were the cries of the wounded horses, for whom as yet nothing could be done.

To the right, a team of horses lay dead, still in harness, and beside them a young driver, the reins still clutched in his hand, lay with dead bovine face turned to the sky.

Chatterton turned his eyes away; he could not bear to look longer. And then, right in front of the trench, some hundred yards away, he saw the young lieutenant whose fair hair had made him think of Sonia, trying painfully to drag himself back to the lines.

He just had been shot through the legs, for, as he worked himself slowly along by arms and elbows, his legs dragged behind him like dead weights over the rough, strewn earth. . . . Shrapnel was still falling like rain; and reverberating rifle fire stamped continuously through the grey morning light.

Chatterton watched that dragging figure with hatred and breath; it moved so slowly, now so painfully, and then suddenly—as if the last spark of vitality had been blown out like a flickering candle flame, it went down—down, and lay motionless.

It is an old saying, and very often a true one, that no man would be a hero if he first stoned to think; a man is a hero on the impulse of the moment, and so it was now with Chatterton. He was over the trench, in a single bound, and running like a hare across the shrapnel-swept ground towards that huddled figure.

There will be another splendid instalment of this great story to-morrow.

HOLIDAY RACING.

The feature of yesterday's holiday racing was the success of outsiders in the big events. At Kempton Frustration beat another outsider in Hey-Diddle-Didde in the Queen's Prize, and at Manchester Vermont, another 20 to 1 chance, won the Lancashire Steeplechase very easily from the favourite, Templedowney. For today's meetings selections are appended:—

BIRMINGHAM.
1.50.—KNIGHT OF YORK.
2.20.—ANGUS.
2.50.—WIMBORNE.
3.20.—PATRICK.
3.50.—ROSEVILLE.
4.20.—DUNHOLM.
4.50.—AMANTINE P.

MANCHESTER.
2.0.—KILLIN.
2.50.—HUGHES D.
3.0.—GONDVOAR.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
"EASTINGTON AND ERL KING. BOUVIERE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

KEMPTON.
1.30.—Richmond Welter. 7.1.—High Mor (10-30, F. Bullock). 1; Evert (5-1). 2; Pean (10-1). 3. 19 ran.
2.10.—South-Western T.V.O. Plate. 5.1.—Bachelor's Cherry (1-30, Piger). 1; Switchback (4-5). 2; Tame Duck (8-1). 3. 25 ran.
2.50.—Sturford Plate. 5.1.—Prospero (5-2, Rickaby). 1; Wansley II. (2-1). 2; Highwayside (2-1). 3. 7 ran.
3.15.—QUEEN'S PRIZE. 1m.—STURVATY (1-30, Piger). 1; Her-Diddle-Didde (20-1). 2; Don de Roca (8-1). 3. Also ran: Boots (7-4), Watergret (5-1), Maygar (1-30, Piger). 1; Switchback (4-5). 2; Monchito, Panache, Sponon, Brotherton, White Prophet, Grecian Maid, Millbridge and Polygamist (20-1).
4.0.—Easter Plate. 1m.—Archelstown (5-4, Donoghue). 1; Black Kite (5-1). 2; Whiffy Jet (5-1). 3. 9 ran.
4.50.—Rendell Plate. 1m.—Morris (100-8, Wheatley). 1; Lady Isabel (4-1). 2; Flying Beauty (10-1). 3. 5 ran.
5.0.—Boothick Welter. 1m.—Wally (5-1, Grant). 1; Sentiment (4-7). 2; Sarcovor (10-1). 3. 6 ran.

BIRMINGHAM.
2.0.—Bromsgrove Plate. 5.1.—Killean (7-1, Wal. Griggs). 1; Nankens (5-1). 2; Singlet (1-4). 3. 9 ran.
2.10.—County T.V.O. Plate. 5.1.—Cluquet (5-2, P. Templeman). 1; Symmetrical (5-1). 2; Finisher (100-8). 3. 11 ran.
2.50.—Doddington Plate. 5.1.—Cold Storage (10-1, F. Templeman). 1; Will Davis (8-4). 2; Nora Daisy (2-1). 3. 11 ran.
3.30.—Spring Handicap. 1m.—Graby (11-10, Fox). 1; Birdy Drake (10-1). 2; Verger II. (3-1). 3. 6 ran.
4.0.—Water Orling Plate. 1m.—Aeronaut (4-1, Fox). 1; Rodale (5-1). 2; Bentley (5-1). 3. 9 ran.
4.50.—Decker Hill Plate. 1m.—Baccara (8-1, Mulholland). 1; Crowned Head (4-1). 2; Laggard (8-13). 3. 6 ran.

MANCHESTER.
Race. Price. Winner. Jockey.
1.50.—Wild Aster. 2.1. Wild Aster. Piggott.
Irian Chase (5). 5-4. Salvation. Dainty.
Lancashire Chase (12). 2-1. Vermouth. Piggott.
Spring Handicap (11). 8-1. Sting. Hawkins.
Swinton Chase (6). 2-7. Elton. W. Reardon.
Cheetham Hurdle (6). 1-1. Dilly. Reardon.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL RESULTS.

LEAGUE—DIVISION 1.—Sheffield United (h) 1; Sunderland 1; Middlebrough (h) 3; Sheffield Wednesday 1; West Bromwich Albion (h) 2; Newcastle United (h) 1; Manchester City (h) 0; Oldham 0; Notts County (h) 1; Aston Wanderers (h) 1; Preston North End 1; Wolverhampton Wanderers (h) 3; Blackburn Rovers 0; Burnley (h) 2; Chelsea 0.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.—Huddersfield 1; Bristol City 0; Clapton Orient (h) 2; Glossop 2; Blackpool (h) 4; Stockport County 2; Arsenal (h) 1; Barnsley 0; Hull City (h) 2; Fulham 0; Grimsby Town (h) 1; Bury 0; Birmingham City (h) 1; Preston North End 1; Wolverhampton Wanderers (h) 5; Leeds City 1; Derby County (h) 1; Leicester Fosse 0; Lincoln (h) 2; Notts Forest 1.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.—Millwall (h) 2; Bristol Rovers 0; Exeter (h) 1; Plymouth Argyle 1; Northampton (h) 1; Portsmouth 0; Watford 2; Luton (h) 0; Cardiff City (h) 2; West Ham 1; Crendon Common (h) 2; Queens Park Rangers, Norwich City (h) 2; Brighton 1; Crystal Palace (h) 1; Gillingham 0; Southampton (h) 4; Swindon 1; Reading (h) 3; Southend 0.

MIDLAND LEAGUE.—Chesterfield (h) 1; Sheffield United 2; Rotherham City (h) 4; Lincoln City R.; Mexingham 2; Halifax 2; Sheffield Wednesday R. (h) 1; Worksop 1; Doncaster (h) 2; Scunthorpe 0; Leeds R. (h) 1; York 0; Goole (h) 7; Castleford 1.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Partick Thistle 1; Glasgow Rangers 0; Third Lanark 2; Clyde (h) 1; Celtic 3; Queen's Park (h) 0.

Mr. H. Barry's Scotch Artillery (16 to 1) won the Sydney Cup yesterday, states Reuter.

Sapper O'Neill, who leaves for the front this week, gained a fine victory over Billy Williams on points at the Ring last night.

MOTHER, YOUR CHILD NEEDS A LAXATIVE!

If Tongue is Coated, Stomach Sick, or the Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and imperfectly digested food.

When listless, pale, feverish, with tainted breath, a cold, or a sore throat; if the child does not eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache, indigestion or diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the waste matter, bile and fermenting food will pass out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" sweet and wholesome.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of California Syrup of Figs, which has directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeiters sold here, so look and see that your bottle bears the name of the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," is 12d. and is. 3d. per bottle. (Adv.)

Cockle's
ANTIBILIOUS
Pills
Ensure Good
DIGESTION
and a
Healthy, Active
LIVER.

Of Chemists throughout
the world, 11/3 & 2/9.

JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE "TIN WITH THE TAB"?

It's a most ingenious invention. You just pull the tab outwards and upwards, and the lid comes loose on a tin of Day and Martin's Boot Polish. No more worry with tins that get stuck. Patent applied for and provisionally granted. Day and Martin's lid tin of Boot Polish is used twice as big as most other makes—and it's better polish. You can get it with the new Economic Disc, which saves wasting polish. Send id. stamp for Economic Disc, or 2 stamps for Disc and a "Tin of Polish with the Tab," to Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, London, E. (Adv.)

W. J. HARRIS & Co. Ltd.

THE MASCOT. Complete with Apron 45/-
Wired on Tyres.
Carriage Path.
Crate Free.
None other better.
ALL KINDS ON EASY TERMS.
Catalogue No. 1 Post Free.
51, RYE LANE, LONDON, S.E.,
and numerous branches.

ECZEMA SWEEP ON HANDS, ARMS, FACE

And Neck, Itching, Burning and Loss of Sleep
Awful. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

Goonbell st., St. Agnes, Cornwall, Eng.—"The trouble took me in the palm of my left hand. It was a dry scale which spread all over my hands, arms, face and neck. I was told it was dry eczema. The itching, burning, and loss of sleep were awful. I cannot find words to describe what I suffered. My face was swollen. I was blind for three days. I saw the Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised and sent for it. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for two weeks and got completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. H. M. RICHARDS, Aug. 19, 1914.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST

With 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse-sq., London. Sold throughout the world.

MANSION POLISH

Tables immediately assume a lasting lustre, which adds brilliance to every home where MANSION POLISH, the Busy Bee, is engaged. With her

MANSION POLISH,
the new and superior preparation of highly concentrated Wax, she also imparts a permanent, preservative polish, which will not fingermark, to Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors, revealing their original beauty.

Of all Dealers. Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1l.
Prepared by The Chiswick Polishing Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W., Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

GREAT CROWD TO SEE THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT KEMPTON PARK.

Sept 189



Watching one of the races. The course, with the exception of the members' enclosure, presented much the same appearance as usual.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Sept 189



Finish of the Queen's Prize, which was won by Frustration. He beat Hey-Diddle-Diddle, a Belgian-owned horse, by half a length.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SHOT BY PIRATES.

P. 19191

PHOTOGRAPH OF BEARER.



SIGNATURE OF BEARER.

Dolly Smith

Miss Dolly Smith, of Glasgow, who was shot dead by the pirates when they sank the steamer Agula.

THE FISHERS OF PECKHAM RYE.

8-104



These small boys, who spend their holiday with rod and line around the banks of the pond of Peckham Rye, take it all very seriously. But nevertheless the fish-mongers of the district are still making a living.

"TOMMY'S" EASTER.

8-331



He didn't get any holidays, but he didn't grumble or go on strike. He just did his duty.



Use a Wash for Skin Diseases

Skin sufferers should use great care in the choice of a remedy. They should know the *facts* to guard against those preparations that are without merit—some, indeed, positively injurious. There is only one *logical* remedy for skin disease—only *one way* to reach the poisonous disease germs in the skin. That is by means of a

Penetrating
Liquid Wash

Skin disease is due to various deeply buried, malignant germs in the tender tissues of the skin. They cause that terrible biting pain and itching. Unless these germs are destroyed and eliminated, there can be no relief nor cure. This cannot be done with salves. Salves do not penetrate to the germs beneath the skin. They merely close the pores and form a hot-bed for the rapid increase of these germs.

Blood remedies also cannot cure the skin, because the germs are not in the blood. Health Commissioner W. A. Evans, M.D., says: "Skin diseases do not come from impure blood—so-called blood purifiers have no such action." A liquid wash only has any permanent effect in skin disease.

D.D.D. Prescription

Gives Instant Relief.

D. D. D. Prescription sinks through the pores the moment it is applied. The first cool touch of this soothing wash soothes all biting pain as if by magic. Just a touch of this marvelous remedy will give you relief.

D. D. D. is a scientific compound of oil of wintergreen and thymol, etc., and a powerful and costly element, *chlorbutol*. This element is known to skin specialists to be uniquely successful in the treatment of skin disease. However, it has heretofore required such expert mixing and handling that only physicians could use it. Now all skin sufferers find it compounded in the proper proportion in the famous new skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription.

Eczema, bad leg, Psoriasis, ringworm, pimples,

scales or rashes, all skin diseases, mild or violent, yield to the soothing, healing effect of D. D. D. It sinks through the pores, kills all the deadly disease germs; throws them off. Then the inflamed tissues, rid of their torturing parasites, the pores left open to receive nature's healing aid, are soothed by the cooling oils compounded in the D. D. D. Prescription. All chemists sell D. D. D. 2/3 and 4/6. One bottle outlasts six bottles of salves or creams. Ask your chemist about it today. Also about D. D. D. Soap, 3d. Its steady use keeps the skin always pure and healthy.

Trial Bottle Free!

If you want to try D. D. D., fill in and send the Coupon below now! The D. D. D. Laboratories will send you a large trial bottle absolutely free. Don't suffer another day. Just the first few drops from this trial bottle will give you instant relief. Send coupon now while you think of it. Enclose two penny stamps for postage.

D.D.D. Laboratories, A7, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London

Send this Free Coupon

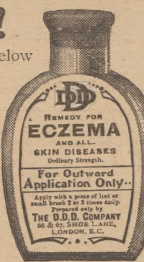
D.D.D. Laboratories, A7, Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London.

Gentlemen—Please send me absolutely free a trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription. It is understood that I assume no obligations. Enclosed find two penny stamps for postage.

Name.....

Address.....

My Chemist's Name.....



PERSONAL.

COOPER, of Deodard, Ruthven-ter, Aberdeen, wounded, missing since Nov. 2, '14; may be prisoner; write wife or neglect him. If you cannot write every week send him a copy of "The Overseas Daily Mirror." A six months' subscription post free, to Canada costs 10s., and to all other parts of the world 15s.

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 6d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 10d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Boulevard, London.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANTIQUES, Old China, headwork bags, silk pictures, old coloured prints, gold and silver valuables, ornaments, etc., bought for cash—Folliards, 55, Oxford-st., W.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought—Messrs. Browning & Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought; on valentine, up to £5. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d. per year. £1 15s. immediate cash or offers—Call or post, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Paget, 219, Oxford-st., London, E.C. 10.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) wanted, any kind; up to 6s. each pinned tooth on valentine; 10s. 6d. on silver, 14s. on gold, 30s. on platinum; cash or offers unequalled elsewhere by return of post; goods returned post free if necessary—J. Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester. Telephone 5030 City (mention D.M.).

CASH by Return for Old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition), watches, silver and plated articles, curios—Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st., London, W.

CAST-OFF Clothes—Uniforms, Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—best prices; buyers attend free; cash by return for parcels—Myers 96, Notting Hill-cate, W. Phone 1843 Park.

ENT'S Ladies' left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good prices—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 60 pieces, 21s.; choice and fine; wonderfully beautiful robes; very superior; perfect home-finish work; an extraordinary bargain; instant approval—Mrs. W. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

Articles for Disposal.

BABY Cars from Factory on approval; carriage paid; no shop profits; cash or easy payments; write for lovely catalogue, post free, and save money—Godira Carriage Co. (Dept. 39), Coventry.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
PIANOS—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI, Strand. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Revival, "VERONIQUE," a Comic Opera. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 2.

BOX OFFICE 10.10.10. 2545 and 6866 Ger.

AMBASSADORS. "ODDS AND ENDS" Revue, by Harry Gratian, 9.15. Viola Tree in "Dinner for Eight," by E. F. Benson, 8.40. Mat., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

APOLLO. To-night, 8.30. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by R. C. Cartier.

At 8, Chas. Cory. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2.

ORURY LANE. SEALED ORDERS. To-night, 7.30.

MARIE ILLINGTON, C. M. HALLARD, EDWARD SASS, SPECIAL MATINEE TO-DAY, at 1.45.

Prices Reserved, 7s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 1s.

DUKE OF YORK'S. EVERY EVENING, at 9, Frohman presents MILE GARY DESLIS in ROSEY RAPTURE, THE PRIDE OF THE BEAUTY CHORUS by J. M. BARRIE. Mat., Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

GARRICK (Ger. 9513). To-night, 8.30. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.

THE GIRL IN THE TAXI. EVERY EVENING, at 9, YVONNE ARNAUD presents "Suzanne."

MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART, HAYMARKET. LAST TWO WEEKS.

ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY STEARLE. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Tree. DAVID COPPERFIELD. (Last 2 Weeks).

Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Weds., Sat., at 2.

LITTLE (City 4927)—At 9, THE BLOW. At 8.30, "As You Like It."

LYRIC. Evenings, at 8. FLORODORA.

LYRIC GREENE at Delor.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.

DENNIS RADIE. At 8.15. Mat., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SAVOY. To-night, at 8.45. Mr. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS." At 8.15, "The Plumbers."

Matinee Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

SCALA—KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.

WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including The East Coast Air Raid, Sinking of the "Bucher," Falklands and North Sea Battles, etc.

SHAFESBURY. (Tid. Ger. 6566) Matinee Every Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

TO-NIGHT, at 8. TALES OF HOFFMANN.

WEDNESDAY MAT., at 2. MADAME BUTTERFLY.

WED. WED. TUE. SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.

JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY.

Matinee, Every Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 3830.

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MILITARY FUNERAL NEAR THE FIRING LINE: BURIAL OF GERMAN OFFICERS.



Whenever circumstances permit, the Germans bury their officers with full military honours. In this picture soldiers are seen firing a last salute over an open grave where several officers lie side by side. All belonged to the same regiment, and as

many of the men who had served under them as could be spared from the trenches were present at the interment. This took place within sound of the guns, the scene being very impressive.

GENERAL'S NEW POST.

P. 357



General Alexeff, the new Russian Commander-in-Chief on the western front. He replaces General Russki, who resigned owing to ill-health.

NOT ALLOWED TO SEE GERMANS DEFEATED.

P. 1908 A



The American military attachés who have been ordered to withdraw from Germany. It is the general belief that the reason for this step is the disinclination of the General Staff to allow them to see defeats, which they feel cannot be much longer delayed.

KILLED IN ACTION.

P. 1918 I



Corporal D. W. Cainan (of the Rifle Brigade), who is reported to have been killed in action. He was in India for eleven years before going to the front.